



SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

WE have just passed through the graduating season, and the country is full of young men and girls who are looking out on a big world and wondering what they are going to make of themselves. At least this is what they are supposed to be hopefully doing, and as for those who are not—well, some other people, fond parents, for example, are doing the wondering for them. There seems to be a tendency abroad to look upon college graduates, as upon social debutantes, as very sprigs of gayety and joyous life. "What happy, young people!" we hear exclaimed at commencements. "The whole world is before them, with all its pleasures and possibilities!" Just so; but, after all, what are these intoxicating anticipatory pleasures of graduation time compared to the joys actual which come with the wise old years? What are these joys of unsophisticated youth to such realities as earning one's living, as dining off salad and cucumbers *mayonnaise* and other luxuries *frappe* and refreshing purchased with one's own money, of voting for trunk sewers, of feeling a proprietary interest in city halls and viaducts and sea walls, of owning one's own home, of having loves and friendships earned by playing the man in a stressful world? Indeed, the old idea that a young college graduate is to be heartily envied is, like many other popular notions, nothing short of fallacious when it is well examined into.

Take the case of the young girl just home from college. Look, if you please, at the sweet girl graduate from the country or the small town, for she is in a majority. Is life all one grand sweet song for her when she returns to her native place bearing with her the honors of her alma mater? Far from it. Listen to this scrap of conversation as two of the friends of her childhood leave her home after calling to see her: "I used to like Lizzie Brown real well before she went to college, but every time she came home for a holiday she seemed to be getting stiffer and more stuck on herself, and I really don't know what to make of her now at all. Did you notice her own mother calling her Elizabeth? She's certainly spoiled for good!"

And consider this dramatic incident in the home of young Doctor Smith or young Lawyer Jones. He has been back at the old homestead for a while and his name has been announced among those who have passed their final examinations. A day comes when "the governor" calls him into his study, or perhaps, if we are to keep to the rural picture, to the barn. The father looks particularly grave and stern, being inwardly rather embarrassed. But the young man knows what is coming. "Well, John, my boy," says the parent, "I've given you quite a boost. You've got your profession. I suppose you know that I've done about all I can afford to do for you. It's up to you now." Or words to that effect.

The boy with his diploma, the girl who has "finished her education" soon find the fly in the ointment. Perhaps, as is too often the case, what they have learned at college helps them all the sooner to the discovery. But we look to them to prove that the process that has enlarged their vision will also help to give them understanding and a brave philosophy. To grow and keep on growing—that is the part we would have them play.

CANADA is the last big country in the world to be developed. For centuries, as the human race has multiplied it has spread westward, ever westward, from the place in the mystic east where it was born. From the time that such adventurous spirits as Champlain came over from Europe and began the actual colonizing of this continent, a new era dawned upon the race. A new world was opened to which men could flock, and this vast transplanting process freshened and sweetened the whole civilized human family. Generation after generation pushed the frontier farther west and north, until there came a time, within our own recollection, when it was thought that the arable limits of the continent had been explored, that land discovery and pioneering were at an end in the world. But we have learned of a new land of promise, and it is ours. Canada, we now know, possesses the last west; for the vast region north of our developed west is not a barren waste, as was long supposed, but a fertile land bigger than all the old colonizing countries of Europe put together, awaiting settlement.

In the development of this newer Canada, as well as in the work of helping to stimulate progress and broaden culture in the older provinces, the college graduate of to-day will be expected to play his part. Opportunities numberless and boundless lie before him. We will expect him to be a tower of strength in maintaining a high standard of citizenship in Canada, no matter what immigration and the growth of the spirit of materialism, about which we hear so much, may do for us. We will look to the college boy, and the college girl too, to lend their strength and their abilities to the holding up of high ideals should the country become vulgarly puffed up by prosperity and turn to the worship of false gods. And we all trust that this summer's batch of graduates will "make good" in these things.

IN selecting his topics for the day the editorial writer who is engaged in "the daily grind" generally, and naturally, looks to the matters which are given large head-lines and generous space in the news columns. And, not infrequently, occurrences recorded in small paragraphs tucked away on a back page and obscured by advertisements, but rich in suggestion, are quite neglected. So it comes about that the death of Joel Chandler Harris, which was announced the other day, has elicited scarcely any editorial comment in the daily press, of Canada at all events. But surely, even though the week just passed has been full of large events calling for discussion, the passing of "Uncle Remus" could scarcely have been overlooked on this page. Joel Chandler Harris was not a great or distinguished writer, but he was unique among the journalists and authors of America, and in his day he gave delight to thousands upon thousands of children. While engaged on the staff of *The Atlanta Constitution*, that cheerful and admirable paper which is one of the institutions of his native state of Georgia, and of which

he became editor, he wrote the "Uncle Remus" stories, and they made him famous. They were published when the present generation—that is the generation that is just now getting a grip on the world's work—was reading St. Nicholas. I have a distinct recollection of one boy for whom the adventures of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and the rest of the animal folk, as related by old "Uncle Remus," had a fascination indescribable. Should he live to be a very patriarch in years he will never forget these stories. Certain enchanting fairy tales by Frank R. Stockton, and even that St. Nicholas classic, "The Tinkum Brothers' Tide Mill," by J. T. Trowbridge, he may forget; but the "Uncle Remus" fables, never. In reading these stories, no interpreter had to be called in to explain them; they contained no subtleties to be passed over uncomprehended, and yet they were full of subtle meaning, full of wisdom which a boy could imbibe unconsciously. While he was reading about Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit, Brer Terrapin, et al., he was acquiring a knowledge of character among animals which later on would help him to regard with discrimination the Uriah Heeps, and the Steerforths, the Pecksniffs, as well as the Tom Pinches and Joe Gargerys among men.

There are many who write about children, but com-

he may earn a livelihood for himself, or even fame, with his pen. And then again he may not. Ability is a thing to be considered, too.

This is not ill-humored advice; neither is it unsolicited. *SATURDAY NIGHT* was the pioneer Little Red Schoolhouse for Budding Writers when Canada, in a literary sense, was a clearing in the bush. Others sought to establish what purported to be high schools and colleges of authorship in the clearing, but the neighbors didn't appreciate them, and the boys and girls who wanted to learn to write were timid about approaching them, and these high-intentioned ones failed in their admirable purpose. But this journal went, and goes on yet, gladly listening to the first efforts of those who aspire to fame in the writing profession. It is a fact that, of the now large group of young Canadians who have of late years made names for themselves in the literary world, nearly every one received his first recognition as a writer at the hands of *SATURDAY NIGHT*. This paper continues with pleasure to encourage the development of literary talent in the Dominion whenever it can, and to as great an extent as possible. And more and more of it is being developed every year.

SATURDAY NIGHT, too, is constantly besieged with

in the salt of life—this man knows the price that such a magic-maker pays for his skill. He knows that Stevenson often worked an hour at a time over a single phrase—filling page after page with variants—until he turned one to his liking. The young man who would be a newspaper writer need not exert himself to this extent. He will not have time; and it is not necessary to say that the style Stevensonian is not found nor looked for in newspapers. But it will be well for him to get into his head the conviction that any kind of writing means work—the more work the better the writing. And most important of all, the writer must always have something to say, and he must put himself into the saying of it. Carlyle's advice to the young writer was: "Give yourself royally." Which puts the matter in a nutshell. To write a moving story or to advance an opinion convincingly one must draw, not from the shallow pool of ink upon his pen, but from the deeper fountain of the heart.

THE open air horse parade is a very popular annual event in Toronto. This year Dr. Goldwin Smith, who never before missed a parade, did not feel strong enough to go up to Queen's Park on Dominion Day. So, with fine courtesy, the whole big parade went out of its way and passed by the professor's home, the Grange. The Sage himself appeared at his gate, more feeble than his multitude of friends would choose to see him, but smiling as ever, his quiet, kindly smile. And for an hour and a half as the procession passed, the venerable professor watched it with interest, lifting his hat again and again in acknowledgment of the salutations of the horsemen.

Such pretty incidents are all too rare in the world. Some calculating person has estimated that the eight hundred horses in the parade were worth a quarter of a million dollars, and that the value of horses, rigs and equipment would aggregate half a million. But it was worth the whole of a million to see our most distinguished citizen so fittingly honored.

AT a national convention of the so-called Socialist-Labor party of the United States at New York on Monday, Martin R. Preston was nominated for President. This man is not only several years too young to meet the constitutional age requirement, but he is at present in jail, serving a twenty-five-year sentence in the Nevada State Prison for the murder of a saloon-keeper at Goldfield three years ago.

The platform of the Socialist-Labor party declares for a co-operative commonwealth to replace "the present state of planless production, industrial war and social disorder" in the United States.

Fine, isn't it?

THE speech of Socialists of the sort that are incapable of sensible thought, and their actions when they gather together, embattled and noisy, to condemn all existent human laws, customs and systems, would be mirth-provoking if we did not know that behind their unreasonable demands is something never to be laughed at—human unhappiness and unrest. The uneducated Socialist, poor and hopeless, looks out upon a world in which there is enough wealth to make every one in it comfortable. He sees a few people rolling in luxury and a great many struggling hard for a hand-to-mouth existence. He broods upon his condition, perhaps reads lurid Socialistic literature, and after a while becomes convinced that the whole plan of the world is wrong. So he demands that it be remade, without considering that the only way to do so with complete success would be to remake human nature.

What failures, what heart-burnings we hear of every day that can be traced to a lack of knowledge of human nature! This is the stumbling block of the Socialist, but it is also the stumbling block of other people so numerous that the goodly-sized band of militant Socialists is as nothing in comparison. The daily newspapers have during the past week or two recorded a long list of unpleasant little dramas, among them some unfortunate domestic tragedies. Many of these have arisen from misplaced confidences, from errors in judgment of the character of friends, relatives, and associates.

The dream of the world to-day is of an ideal democracy that will deal with never-failing success with all matters affecting the common good of the people. But the democracy has first to learn the trick. In the old days absolute rulers—many of them at least—knew human nature and the people very well, but they generally grew to act as though they despised both. To-day the people rule, or think they do, and of course they love themselves, but they do not know themselves yet. Where a crime grows among us to such an extent that we know a good man when we see him, either in private or public life, then we will be approaching Utopian conditions.

ONE day this week the daily papers devoted a half column or so of space to a story from Peterboro in which was related a strange experience of a young girl there. She was, so the tale ran, out bathing in a stream with some other girls when a mysterious man, an awful man with an "evil eye," popped his head out of the bush near by and "hypnotized" her by means of his baleful eye and by waving his hands. Some neighbors arrived on the scene, the man vanished, and the girl was taken screaming to the hospital. Her account of the mysterious stranger caused quite a stir in the town, and it was of course given at length to the press. When the doctor arrived, however, he gave it as his opinion that the very cold water in which the child was bathing had brought on an attack of hysteria, and that the rest of the tale was the result of her temporarily disordered little brain. This explanation was also wired to the papers and occupied another half column or more. Thus over a column was devoted to first publishing a ridiculous story, of no rational interest to anyone, and to subsequently explaining what was pretty apparent on the face of it—that it wasn't true.

Another despatch which practically all the daily papers of the country published this week told how a demoted youth in an American city had committed suicide because he "loved" three girls and could not marry them



LATE AFTERNOON AT THE "WAWA"

A SKETCH AT THE NEW HOTEL ON NORWAY POINT, LAKE OF BAYS.

See Page Eleven.

paratively few who, with success, write for them. The nursery rhymes of Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley are recited by young folk with pleasure, and perhaps always will be; but their sweetness and light are for the parent, the friend of children, rather than for the children themselves. The animal stories of Joel Chandler Harris, however, fitted the juvenile mind exactly—especially, of course, the mind of the healthy, nature-loving boy. Peace be to their writer and an affectionate farewell. He did a useful work in the world.

THE hopeful and ambitious young person who has set his heart upon becoming a writer—and there are many such hereabouts—will perhaps not feel flattered by being invited to consider the work of Joel Chandler Harris and to revolve in his mind the reason of its success. Undoubtedly he would prefer to let his emulative thoughts dwell upon the achievements of a Stevenson or the popularity of a Mark Twain. But Joel Chandler Harris did very well, as the young writer will probably realize a few years hence. Anyway, his methods were good and deserving of the embryo author's attention. It was Mr. Harris's practice, as a rule, to wait until he had a story to tell before he wrote one. And then he told it in a way that was unique. At the same time he refrained from over-reaching himself—never affecting a style beyond the cunning of his modest pen, and never failing to launch his story straight at those who were expected to read it. Moreover, it is to be presumed that "Uncle Remus" had a heart, and that he put it into his work. If the young writer considers these points and patiently follows them

inquiries from young persons as to the best way of "breaking into journalism." Almost any newspaperman sympathizes with a young fellow in his desire to enter the profession which he himself feels to be the most fascinating in the world. But he is careful, as a rule, in warning the candidate for a Fourth Estate degree that journalism, like soldiering, looks more attractive from an outside than from an inside view. It has been noted that a journalist, knowing the exacting nature of the work as well as its fascination, is seldom ready to advise his son to follow in his footsteps.

Too many young men allow themselves to be vexed by the itch for writing, either for the press, or with a view of having their work appear on deckled-edged paper, without giving a serious thought to the task which they are so anxious to undertake. As a rule, when the first symptoms of this complaint manifest themselves, punctilious Doctor Syntax is the first authority that ought to be consulted. But many are too impatient to even take this precaution. They appear to think they can become successful writers before first becoming successful readers. They want to write before they have anything to say, and their attempts at distinctiveness in style generally result in a succession of freak sentences, perhaps concerning a freak topic. Style in writing is a fine thing. The man who knows what style is—the man who as he reads, says Robert Louis Stevenson, fairly feels his throat tighten and the chills of appreciation run up and down his spine as he delights in the nicety of expression, the brilliant phrasing, the "unexpected epithet," the rhythm of the sentences as they flow on, strong, sparkling, rich

all. The despatch described with nice accuracy and attention to detail how this young lunatic had taken so many grains of morphine for one girl, so many ounces of laudanum for the second, and had shot himself for the sake of the third. The empty bottles, so the public was informed, were labelled respectively, "For Carrie," and "For Eva," and side by side with these was a piece of paper on which the crazy youth had drawn the picture of a shotgun and had written, "For Henrietta."

And so on. An English journal is at present inviting discussion on the question, "Is there too much news?" There is—of a kind.

IS THERE TOO MUCH NEWS?

THE editor of the London magazine, Young Men, who thinks there is too much news, recently asked the opinions of some well-known men on this point, and here are some of the replies published in the July number:

"Sir H. H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., scientific explorer, author, and late Special Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief in Uganda, believes that the British newspapers are perhaps the best in the world for the amplitude and accuracy of the news they purvey. He says:

"In reply to your question whether there is too much news nowadays I might perhaps reply—if I was ill-natured—that there cannot be too much news—if it is true—but there can be too many newspapers. This is a matter, however, which can only be controlled by the law of the survival of the fittest.

"The newspaper that best meets the requirements of the public in some directions may be sufficiently self-supporting to place real news before its readers, and not dis-appoint or excite them with untrue and incorrect state-ments."

"Mr. Frederic Harrison, a veteran publicist and man of letters, whose influence has been cast on the side of University extension, advises young men to 'think a little':

"There is too much news—too much print altogether—and I will not add to it.

"My advice to young men is to work—to keep off print—and try to think a little."

"Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of The Review of Reviews, who has been aptly described as the 'father of the new journalism,' and whose deeply interesting life story has been told in these columns, sends the following letter, which will be read with particular interest:

"In reply to your question as to the reading of news-papers I can only say, to make a very commonplace re-mark, that it depends entirely upon how you read. The newspaper may either be a very good substitute for a university education or it may be a mere temptation to waste of time. When we read our newspaper we look out of our windows upon the world; and there is no subtler temptation than that of neglecting one's work to look out of the window. The ever-changing panorama of life has proved so seductive to many men that they have found it necessary to be almost total abstainers from newspapers."

"Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished natural-ist and social reformer, tells us that his best thought has come to him when away from all newspapers. Here is his letter:

"Personally I consider there is far too much news-paper 'news,' and that it is very antagonistic to thought. My best thought has come to me when away from all newspapers, or when so much occupied with work or study as to give very little time to them. But modern newspapers (many of them, I mean) exist to supply the tastes of the half-educated and unthinking multitudes. They are the product of the same rabid competition for wealth that gives us wholesale and almost universal adulteration, sweating, overwork, unhealthy and even murderous trades, child and woman labor to a disgraceful excess, poverty, slums, and slow starvation of millions, while the thousands flaunt before the world their waste-ful and wicked luxury and extravagance.

"None of these horrors can be cured separately. They will all be rendered impossible under the co-oper-ative commonwealth of the future."

Social Progress and the Human Mind.

IN discussing a recent lecture on "Individualism and After," by Mr. Benjamin Kidd, The Morning Post, London, says:

Oxford, though it always dallies with the doctrines of the day, is an old-fashioned place. It keeps to the tradi-tion of reading the great writers and thinkers, and now and again it adds one to their number. Thirty years ago Oxford's chief thinker was Thomas Hill Green, whose pupils, now spread about in the Empire, are teaching the good old theory that a man has duties to his country, and that the mark of a citizen is the performance of duties. Herbert Spencer was not of that way of thinking. For him the State was not the embodiment of a common good commanding every man's allegiance, but simply an in-evitable nuisance to be as far as possible "limited and reduced."

After nearly half a century Mr. Kidd goes to Oxford to disavow his master. His lecture was called "Indi-vidualism and After," a title which implies that individual-ism and Herbert Spencer's theory of no-State are dead, and that the truth was after all with T. H. Green and the Oxford School. T. H. Green has been dead many years, but his work and thought live after him. Those who learned from him and his friends and have found power for their life's work and help for this country in what they learned in the days when his school taught Oxford may feel that he did not live in vain when they find a disciple of Herbert Spencer laying down in the Herbert Spencer lecture that "the highest good of the community is not, and possibly cannot be, reached by unregulated competition between private interests." Still more will they recognize that the teaching of the Oxford School has borne fruit when they discover Mr. Kidd de-claring that: "It is not so much the human mind which is constructing the social process. It is the social process which is constructing the human mind."

They will feel that perhaps in another fourteen years Mr. Kidd will have reached the point at which T. H. Green started them, that the social process is nothing but an aspect or manifestation of the human mind. Mr. Kidd, at the end of his lecture, was in serious doubt whether his hearers would think him reactionary or revolutionary. He need not have been distressed. They would recognize that he was getting near the stage when he would approach with profit the old-text-books of the theory of the State and of its function as the shaper of characters.

The truth that a man belongs to his country and has duties to it has been realized in every century since the world began, and perhaps in every century has been for a time forgotten. It was forgotten by some of the old political economists, because in their concentration upon



WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

Sick Peer (having rung for Family Physician) —"Well! Have you thought of a cure for me?"

Dr. Primrose—"No! We're still in consulta-tion. You just go on being ill for a bit."

[The Committee (Lord Rosebery, Chairman) ap-pointed early in the Session to consider the Reform of the House of Lords has not yet reported.]

—Punch.

the problem of the wealth of a society they forgot the society and thought mainly of the wealth. Instead of the common wealth they set up the idol of "supply and de-mand," with its instrument, unlimited competition.

It did not occur to them that unlimited competition supervening upon feudal tenures might lead to the exist-ence of a vast proletariat, and that the appeal to a pro-letariat to come forward and serve their country might reveal in portions of that proletariat a doubt whether the "common good" supposed to be covered by the word "country" was anything in which they had a conscious share. This theory of every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost is now rejected even at the shrine of Herbert Spencer. That is an advance.

From "The Man-God," a Poem.

FROM form to form the spirit bids us climb,
Through round on round of strife, of sorrow and of sleep,
As up the valley of forgotten time
Insensibly we creep.

Slowly, how slowly! From the primal shape,
The sentient tube, the fish that darts on glassy fin,
The lizard, the keen fox, the hound, the ape,
Slowly our way we win.

From ape to savage man another stride,
And then the shepherd, and at last the man of toil,
The hand that strips the mountains of their pride,
The master of the soil;

The artisan of cities and of dreams,
The architect of tombs that last from age to age;
The harnesser of winds, of clouds, of streams,
The ruler and the sage.

Yet, deep within our souls there lies a dream
Which brings its own fulfilment, and that Power vast
Which shaped us to the universal scheme
Shall guide us to the last.

We are not that alone which now we are
But that we are to be: into the sky of Time
Above the verge of Night our being's star
Has scarce begun to climb.

Robert R. Logan, in The Forum.

The Panama Canal.

THE London Times gives a most interesting article on the "Making of the Panama Canal." To quote:

The scheme in its present form provides for the crea-tion of a huge lake covering 220 square miles, which gets rid of one of the most formidable obstacles to the com-pletion of the canal. Excavation upon however gigantic a scale is a thing which engineering and capital can always deal with, but irregular tropical downfalls, con-centrated in a turbulent river, are the source of perennial danger to all human constructions in the vicinity. How to deal with the Chagres river was the great preoccupation of the French engineers, whose admirable plans and ex-tensive excavations are utilized and generously praised by their successors.

Out of various tentative and much-debated proposals the present scheme has been evolved for making the water of great floods dispose of itself instead of attempting to create artificial channels. Give it room enough to spread itself out, and the problem is solved. That is the plan now being followed. A lake with a surface of 220 square miles takes a great deal of water to raise its level to any dangerous extent. It is calculated that the greatest floods ever known would not raise the level more than two feet, and in that case the flood difficulty may be regarded as disposed of. There is the incidental advantage that ships can steam much more rapidly through a lake than through a canal, thus shortening the time of transit from ocean to ocean.

On entering from the Atlantic ships will be hoisted 85 ft. in three stages by means of locks, and after passing through the lake and a stretch of canal they will be lowered 30 ft. in the same way into a smaller lake, from which again they will be lowered by two stages of 27.5 ft. each into a dredged channel some five miles long which leads into the Pacific. It is estimated that ships will tra-verse the whole forty-nine miles from sea to sea in twelve hours or possibly less.

There has been much controversy about the great dam at Gatun which is to form the lake. The advocates of a sea-level canal naturally take a pessimistic view of the actual undertaking, and dwell much upon the unsatisfac-tory foundations available for a dam on which everything depends. It is obvious from what has just been said that if there is no lake there is no waterway, so that the fail-ure of the dam would not merely mean ruin to the canal below, but would annihilate the canal above. The Gatun

dam is therefore the key of the whole position, and if it has been severely criticized by opponents we may be sure that it has undergone the most exhaustive examination by those responsible for the scheme.

It is to be 7,600 ft. long on the top, or not much short of a mile and a half. It will be half a mile thick at the base and 135 ft. high, so that though constructed of earth it will need a good deal of moving before an accident can happen. There will be an overflow weir, discharging into the old bed of the Chagres river, and averting all possibility of damage to the canal by an undue rise of the lake level. Besides the difficulty of too much water, there is the possibility of having too little. It has been said that it will take years to fill the lake after the dam is constructed. But the lake is to fill as the dam is con-structed, care being taken to keep the work always 10 ft. above the water level. No doubt there is always the un-foreseen to be reckoned with. We prefer to believe that the long labors and the combined skill of French and American engineers will bring this magnificent project to a successful issue.

SIR WALTER HILLIER, who has been appointed ad-viser to the Chinese Government, is a great authority on Far Eastern affairs and probably knows as much about the Chinese as any other living European. He was born at Hong Kong fifty-nine years ago, and after receiving his education in England became a student interpreter in Peking in 1867. Since then he has been Chinese Secre-tary and Consul-General in Korea, and in 1904 he became Professor of Chinese at King's College, London.

One of Sir Walter's most notable achievements was the taking of the forts of Shan-hai-Kwan and 5,000 men without the firing of a single shot. During the Peking trouble some years ago he was political adviser to Gen-eral Gaselee, and was sent out with a gun-boat from Taku to reconnoitre the coast. At Shan-hai-Kwan Sir Walter went on shore with an officer and only eighteen men, and requested an interview with the Chinese general, which was granted. "The allied forces will be here in twenty-four hours," said Sir Walter. "The forts are bound to be taken. Why not surrender now?" The Chinese general thought the matter over for a while, and his fear of the English made him agree. "But where shall I surrender?" he asked, "and to whom?" "To me, and now," replied Sir Walter firmly, "otherwise I shall be com-pelled to open fire upon you." A few minutes later the British flag was flying over Shan-hai-Kwan.—M.A.P.

IN commenting on the action of the Theatre Commission of Paris in prohibiting the wearing in theatres of head-gear obstructing a view of the stage, the Toronto Globe, which ought to be an authority in the matter, has this to say about hats in church: "In Canada the sensible habit prevails of ladies removing their hats in the theatres and concert halls. But there is no relief in the churches. The present season has been particularly trying on churchgoers. The prevalent style of feminine headgear has done much to destroy the churchgoing habit in the average man. Even a six-footer, if seated behind an ordinary specimen, has no chance of seeing the preacher. The wail of the Psalmist 'Out of the depths to Thee I cry,' takes on a new meaning under such conditions. It is argued that the Apostle Paul is responsible for the retention by women in church of some form of headdress. Paul never saw a dream in color and size like the modern 'Merry Widow,' or he would have called it a nuisance in the church. To be sure, when the day is hot and the sermon dull the 'Merry Widow' is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

CANADIANS will be interested to learn that Kingston, Jamaica, is being successfully rebuilt. A commercial agent there gave the Washington Post this information the other day: "Kingston, Jamaica, has almost entirely recovered from the disastrous earthquake and fire of two years ago, and although the catastrophe was deplorable it taught the people of Jamaica invaluable lessons in build-ing construction. The Government very wisely adopted a building law that aims at a uniform class of reconstructed buildings which more readily stand the violence of nature or fire. Steel, with reinforced concrete, has played an important part in this reconstruction, especially in the case of business houses and banks. Building is going on steadily, and affords a first-class opportunity, it occurs to me, for American steel, iron and cement manufacturers to do some exploitation. The appeal of the people of the island for a loan from the Imperial Government, I am told, was successful, and this played an important part in the work of reconstruction."

A SUIT at law of a very unusual character is in progress in Montreal. Alleging that the fire department of the city is responsible for damages to his store, a citi-zen, Mr. Arsene Lamy, has taken out an action against the corporation with damages to the extent of \$62,903.23. On January 4th of the present year a fire broke out in Mr. Lamy's store. The alarm was sent in and the men re-sponded, but so weak was the pressure, plaintiff alleges, that it was quite inefficient to meet the needs of the out-break. Plaintiff makes a further allegation in his declara-tion, and states that the captain in command of the squad refused to break open the doors and locate the fire. The damages include a claim for alleged lost profits from the date of the fire to the month of May.

"THE BOOKMAN," writing in the Winnipeg Free Press, says: "I believe that if Stevenson had fol-lowed reasonable rules of health and had been ordered west instead of south, he would have been alive to-day. And then, what tales of the ranch and the N.W.M.P. and the north! Ah, what tales, indeed!"

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT," whose sympathies are entirely Tory." This from the Sarnia Obser-ver! Well, well! as the Podunk Clarion would remark, comment on such an observation is unnecessary.



The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

This is not an ordinary lunch basket, but ju t what the name implies—a Basket Refrigerator.

Compact Handy Convenient

It is constructed so as to be practically air tight, hermetically sealed. The small piece of ice re-quired will keep the basket cooled down to 58 degrees for 14 hours. The greatest boon for Picnic Parties, Automobile and Yachting Parties ever invented.

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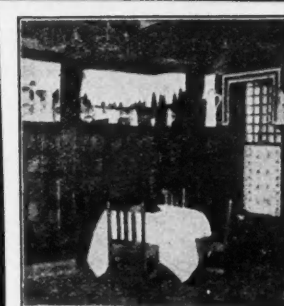
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After your week's work and worry
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in Ontario, including Muskoka, Lake
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single fare, with ten cents added,
good going Saturday or Sunday, re-
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corner King and Yonge streets.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, JULY 9.
ON Friday last the subscription
books closed in London for
the biggest loan the Dominion
Government has offered in recent years. It was for
£5,000,000, and a cable on Saturday announced that sub-
scriptions only to the amount of 43 per cent. of the total
had been received from the public, thus leaving 57 per
cent. with the underwriters. The Opposition press pro-
claim the loan as a fiasco, attributing its non-success to
the general extravagance of the Laurier Government,
which has led to its being discredited by the British in-
vestor. This loan, however, it must be remembered, was
neither a long-dated one nor a straight one. Over two-
thirds of the amount asked for is for the purpose of
meeting and extending maturing stocks and bonds for a
further period of only four years, the issues now existing
bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent. In addition
the Government offered for subscription in cash at par
34 per cent. bonds to an amount sufficient to make up,
with the extended bonds and stock, the total of £5,000,000
above mentioned. Holders have the option up to Septem-
ber 30, 1910, of converting into 3 per cent. subscribed
stock, 1938, on the basis of £106 of that stock for every
£100 of the present loan. As our readers are well aware,
British investors have this year been asked to subscribe
to a very great number of issues, so much so that the
appetite for the same has considerably declined. The
Government no doubt firmly believe that within the next
four years, when the principal of this loan falls due, con-
ditions will be such in financial circles that high class
securities will be floated on much more advantageous
terms. A dozen years ago Canada floated a 2½ per cent.
loan, the money costing them under 3 per cent., and a
like condition of affairs will come about again. While
money in London is abundant and the rates of interest
are low, they are not unusually so. Canada is just
emerging from a short period of depression in trade
and commerce, through little fault of her own, and it
is only six months since the Bank of England discount
rate ruled at the highest point in a generation. Lenders
naturally look for high rates of interest in such times,
and it would be unreasonable at best if we attempted
to make a big, long-time loan at such a time as this.

A report of the loan company corporations of Ontario,
lately issued, shows that British capital has
been used in larger sums in the development
Companies. of the real property of the Dominion. Al-
though the activity in land transactions in
the Canadian West and elsewhere came to a halt dur-
ing 1907, the year showed an increase in mortgage loans
of almost \$2,500,000, the total of which loans being \$111,-
608,000. Loan company debentures payable in Canada
in 1907 amounted to \$20,178,000, or a decrease of some
\$240,000 as compared with the previous year. The de-
bentures of these same companies, but held outside Can-
ada, and chiefly in Scotland, amounted in 1907 to \$38,-
466,000, which was an increase of \$2,522,000 as compared
with the year before. Ten years ago only about one
tenth of the money borrowed on debentures was obtained
in Canada. By 1905 this had increased to over one-
third. But the extraordinary demands made upon do-
mestic capital by the country's business expansion in
1906 and 1907, resulted in decreased holdings of loan
corporation debentures. Deposits also, on account of
the high profits obtainable in general business channels
during the active trade year, decreased in 1906 and 1907.
The present outlook is for a reversal of this tendency,
when increased deposits may be expected. The deposits
in the loan companies in 1907 amounted to \$16,459,296
as against \$17,575,287 in 1906.

The July disbursements in the way of dividends and in-
terest have not been of a marked character
with respect to the stock market. There
has been some re-investment of funds, but
securities, generally speaking, have not
changed materially. The lack of buoyancy is attributed
to the lack of speculation. The rate for money is un-
changed at 6 per cent., and while it remains 2 to 3 per
cent. higher than current rates on Wall street, it is un-
reasonable to expect any activity in local securities. The
tone of the market is steady, however, and with the
business improvement looked for consequent upon the
harvesting of crops much above the average, there is
little likelihood of declining values in securities.

During the past year there has been a stringency in the
money markets and the banks have been
getting high rates for their money. The
Home Bank cleaned up \$95,411 during the
year, or a little over 10 per cent. of its paid-
up capital. But when money is in demand and rates
of interest are high, the public withdraws its money
from the banks and this has been the case during the
past year. Decreases in deposits were almost uniformly
the rule. The Home Bank escapes the general experi-
ence, however, and reports a gain of \$100,000 in de-
posits. This is a small gain, but it is exceptional under
the circumstances. During the past year the Home
Bank opened six new branches, the largest one being in
London, Ont., where it dropped snugly into the place
left vacant after the withdrawal of the Sovereign Bank.
Two new offices have been opened in Toronto, one at
the corner of Queen street east and Ontario streets, and
the other at West Toronto. Ilderton, Thorndale and
Sandwich are the other points reached. The bank in-
tends shortly to increase its capital half a million dollars.

The Hudson's Bay Company has had an off year. The
annual meeting of this company was held in
London on Monday, and the report showed
that profits from trading and land sales had
fallen to £302,022. This is a decline of
£154,546 from the previous year, or 33 per cent. Of the
profits £160,428 came from land sales and £141,594 from
the sale of furs. While the report may be disappointing
it must be remembered that the comparison is made with
the record year of the company. In the five years that
ended in May, 1907, the net profits of the company rose
from £138,196 to £481,567, an increase of £343,371, or
very nearly 240 per cent. This change was due both to
the better trading results and to the larger sales of land,
but the latter is, of course, the most important cause.
Trading profits rose by 188 per cent., and land receipts

by more than 300 per cent., and
though the decline last year was
heavier in the land than in the
trading account, the company
still made nearly £20,000 more out of land than out of
trade.

According to "Poor's Manual," the total mileage of
steam railroads throughout the United
States was 225,227 on June 30, 1907, as
against 220,633 miles on June 30, 1906,
showing an increase of 4,594 miles, or a
gain of something over 2 per cent. Canada's gain in
mileage for the same twelve month was from 21,353 to
22,452, an increase of well over 5 per cent. And during
the year 1907-8 the difference in proportionate gains will
undoubtedly be much more pronounced.

In spite of the large payments of Government deposits
by the National banks to the treasury of
the United States, money in New York is
very cheap. The amounts loaned on Wall
Street at 1 per cent. this week were greater
than ever. Time accommodation is 3½ per cent. or less
covering the turn of the year; so that it is quite evi-
dent that the leading lenders are not counting upon even
short periods of largely increased rates during the re-
mainder of 1908. This, however, is not an unprece-
dented condition for Presidential year, and is in fact
merely a repetition of the 1904 Presidential campaign,
during the greater part of which call money rates were
entirely nominal, 1 per cent. being the rate asked by the
banks with the trust companies making no offerings at
all. The amount of money in circulation, according to
the July first statement, is \$3,945,457,000, or an increase
of no less than \$131,000,000, compared with a year ago.
Bank reserves in New York have surpassed the record,
touching \$400,000,000, or \$120,000,000 more than a year
ago. "This," Henry Clews, says, "plainly illustrates
the desirability of an elastic currency system, in which
we are sadly lacking. Our currency should now be con-
tracting because it is more abundant than needed. In-
stead it is expanding at a time when not wanted, be-
cause regulated by the bond market rather than by the
demands of commerce and industry. As a result there is
a tendency to inflation, which is apt to retard rather
than accelerate a healthy and permanent readjustment
to new conditions."

Of course figures and tables in regard to efficiency of
railway service cannot always be taken at
their face value, and yet the conclusions one
is sometimes compelled to draw from them
are altogether too significant to be lightly
dismissed from the public mind. For exam-
ple, in the year 1906, a total of 1,200,000,000 passengers
were carried on British railroads on 27,000 miles of
track, against 800,000,000 passengers carried on United
States railroads on a mileage of 200,000. Generally speak-
ing, collisions and derailments form quite a reliable stan-
dard from which to make comparisons in regard to effi-
ciency of service. It must also be remembered that the
chances for accidents are naturally increased with in-
crease of traffic and consequent multiplication of train
movements. One might reasonably expect, therefore, to
find the density of conditions in Great Britain reflected
in a startling list of fatalities, as compared with the United
States. Yet if we take the year 1906 to illustrate our
theories and anticipated conclusions, we find there were
13,455 collisions and derailments in the United States and
only 239 in Great Britain. In the same year 146 passen-
gers were killed and 6,000 injured in the United States,
against 58 passengers killed and 631 injured in Great
Britain. The number of employees killed and injured in
train accidents was respectively 13 and 140 in Great
Britain, against 879 and 7,483 in the United States.

The earnings of the Electrical Development Co. may be
considered favorable, as they were quite suf-
ficient to meet all of the fixed charges of the
company. The gains were due both to the
wider market secured by the company and lessened cost
of operation. Gross earnings were \$51,773, an increase of
\$23,881 over last May. Working expenses were cut down
by \$5,500 to \$9,600, resulting in an increase in the net
earnings over last May of \$18,382 to \$42,188. The ag-
gregate gross earnings from January 1 to the end of
May, \$231,908; an increase of \$123,616. The aggregate
net earnings from January 1 to the end of May, \$182,196,
an increase of \$116,878.

The traffic returns of the Canadian Pacific Railway
indicate a decrease of about one million dollars in gross
earnings for the fiscal year, ending June 30th. They were
over \$72,000,000 in 1906-07, which showed an increase
of \$10,500,000 over 1905-06. But the net result will not
be as favorable, owing to increased cost of material,
wages, etc. For the eleven months of the fiscal year, net
earnings were \$20,116,870, a decrease of \$2,771,333 as
compared with the corresponding eleven months of the
previous fiscal year. The stock, however, has not been
affected by the above returns. The interest and divi-
dends were much more than earned, and the prospects
for the year just entered are most encouraging.

The first half of 1908 comprises a period free from the
acuteness of the October panic, and reflect-
ing its results. It will surprise those re-
calling the numerous announcements of di-
vidend changes to learn that the total divi-
dend disbursements by the railroads in America for this
period is practically the same as for the same months of
the pre-panic period. For the first half of the current
year the dividends have been \$272,854,041, while those
for the same half year of 1907 were \$273,593,507. This
seems reassuring, but it is to be remembered that a much
larger capital is earning income, and that the real test
is the ability to pay interest or fixed charges rather than
dividends. The interest payments for the first six months
of the year have been \$355,940,727, against \$329,933,206
last year. The increase is agreeable enough to those who
receive it, but measures a burden upon those who pay
it and whose resources are shrinking in greater degree
than the trifling loss of dividends would indicate.

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37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

The Rest Room in connection with the Women's Department
of this Bank is for the use of visitors to the City as well as for
our women customers. It is a pleasant place for meeting
friends or holding a short business conference.

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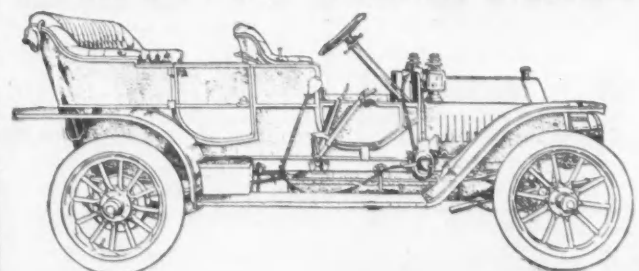
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This, while its beauty and luxury appeal to women, its every-
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want to step into a car that is ready to go—and keep on going—
at all times.

Light the lamps and start off; your evening's recreation is at
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not buy Oldsmobile efficiency with less; it is "the logical car at
the logical price."

Model "A" - \$2,750.00 Model "MR" - \$3,000.00
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The Oldsmobile Company of Canada, Limited
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FREDERICK SAGER, Manager.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.

DIVIDEND No. 72.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **ELEV N PER CENT. (11% PER ANNUM)** upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and branches on and after

Saturday, the 1st day of August Next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 24th June, 1908.

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LIMITED
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
Apply Manager Montreal

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Silver plate of best quality and life-long durability is known by the name
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
On knives, forks, spoons, etc., this is a mark of distinction, superiority and exclusiveness.
Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped
MERIDEN BRITA CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
"Silver Plate that Wears"

Burnett's
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"Is for sale everywhere."

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Heat Tubes
forming the fire box of the KELSEY Warm Air Generator give more than twice the heating capacity of any other heater and cut your coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.
They also FORCE the warmed (not scorched) air to every part of the house giving great volumes of pure air warmed to just the right temperature in every room no matter whether exposed to cold winds or distant located from the Generator.
No Other Warm Air System Will Do This.
The KELSEY Warm Air Generator has no pipes to leak, no unsightly radiators, costs less to install than steam or hot water, is simple to operate and gives better results.
33,000 Sold To Home Owners.
Let us show you the ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES
The James Smart Mfg. Co. LIMITED
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Fast trains leave Toronto 9:40 a.m., 12:05 p.m. (to Muskoka only), and 9:30 p.m. Sleeper for Ballo on night train.
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Daily Excursions to
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
\$14.75
TO QUEBEC AND
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ACCOUNT OF
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Tickets good going July 18th to 26th. Return limit August 3rd 1908.
The Popular Route to
Muskoka and Lake of Bays
Train Service and Equipment the Best
Full information at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets.

Dining Clubs and Banqueting Clubs

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE wide utility of the dining-club is beginning to be recognized. After all, what primarily distinguishes man from the lower animals is his eating, the fact that he alone cooks his food and likes to enjoy it in company with his fellows. Man is not only the sole animal that cooks—he is also the sole animal who is capable of joining a club. So far as the zoologists have investigated, they have found no other animal highly organized enough to feel the need of club-life. Apparently the ants have attained to some form of constitutional government, and the crows have been observed to hold political conventions; but neither the ants nor the crows have yet achieved the club. Of course it cannot be denied that certain kinds of dogs are obviously "clubbable"—to use Dr. Johnson's accurate word; but then the dogs themselves—so far as we know, at least—have not yet banded together in a body for purely social purposes, with a house-committee of their own and a committee on admissions.

So we see that the dining-club is a proof of the double superiority of man over the brute beast; and therefore it may deserve consideration as one of the final triumphs of our latter day civilization. It could come into existence only when humanity had attained to lofty attitudes of prosperity and culture. It is one of the outward and visible signs of urbanity, absolutely impossible to rusticity. Whenever and wherever men have carried the arts to a high degree of perfection, especially the art of conversation and the art of the kitchen, then and there, the moment is ripe for the founding of a dining-club. The art of the kitchen need not be so well developed as the art of the friendly talker, since the food is but the excuse for the gathering; the real reason being always the interchange of fact and of fantasy, of whim and of opinion.

Among the Greeks we can find a forerunner of the modern dining-club in the Symposium which Plato has described. But there is no denying that Socrates would stand a poor chance of election to a well-chosen dining-club of our own time, for no man would be welcome at the dinner table to-day who would dare to persist in the peculiar device of exposing the folly of his fellows, which is known as the Socratic method, and which even in Greece must have been as acutely irritating to the average man as any other form of intellectual condescension. If Socrates was ever to be admitted to a dining-club of the modern type, of a certainty his fellow-members would be tempted to substitute a draft of hemlock for the customary cocktail preliminary to the second dinner which the Attic sage might venture to attend.

Among the Romans, again, it is not impossible to see another unsuccessful effort to anticipate the modern dining-club. But when Maecenas invited Horace and Virgil to his table, no matter how friendly they were, all three of them, the rich man was the host after all, and the men of letters were his guests. The banquet, however exquisite in its appointments, was at the cost of one; it was not defrayed alike by all of those who reclined around the table on the silken cushions which covered the marble lounges. It was not a club of equals; and in a true club, equality is the essence of the contract. Far more successful were the tavern meetings of the mighty Elizabethans, every man paying for himself, and every man holding his own as best he could in the battle of words, which gave added zest to the simple fare:

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

So Beaumont wrote to Ben Jonson in praise of days and nights cherished in loving memory. But here again, even at the Mermaid, where the men of letters foregathered by themselves without any intruding patron, there was not always true equality; at least not on those occasions when the list of those present contained the name of William Shakespeare. The same inequality would attach also to the almost as remarkable suppers which Moliere used to give in his villa in the outskirts of Paris to his friends, Boileau and Chapelle, Racine, who was soon to prove ungrateful, and Mignard, the painter, who has left us the finest portrait of the melancholy man that we esteem now as the greatest of comic dramatists.

The club as we know it to-day has been developed in England; and it is from the British Isles that it has been copied in the other countries of the world. Indeed, even now, in the beginning of the twentieth century, the club flourishes only among the peoples that speak English—in Great Britain and her many Colonial dependencies and again in the United States. The clubs of Paris have a character of their own, but they are only a few, and the club-habit has never established itself among the French. This is the more curious, as the French are governed by the social instinct above all, whereas the English are aggressively individualistic. The French, again, are masters of the art of conversation, whereas the English cultivate rather the gift of silence, every man of them reserving the right to hold his tongue.—From The Forum.

The King as Ambassador-at-Large.

SYDNEY BROOKS, London correspondent for Harper's Weekly, writes:

In the last seven years, it is hardly too much to say, Edward VII. has constituted himself, in the name of his people and with their enthusiastic applause, a sort of travelling ambassador on behalf of international amity. He has assumed the task of approaching the rulers and statesmen of Europe and of negotiating with them as a quasi-official but wholly representative spokesman of the nation. This is altogether a new development of the royal prerogative. I do not mean to imply that Queen Victoria abstained from interfering in the conduct of foreign affairs. On the contrary, her wishes and opinions were at all times a great and sometimes a determining factor in the calculations of Downing street. It is rather the direction than the fact of King Edward's activities in foreign affairs that is really new. The British people were not aware during her reign, and even now do not altogether realize, the extent and effectiveness of Queen Victoria's political influence. Hidden from the popular eye, its reality came to be half doubted, and its resurrection by King Edward amid far more circumstances of publicity struck opinion with all the force of novelty. He labors in the open, beneath the gaze of special correspondents, paying rounds of royal visits from one European court to another, attending fetes, banquets, reviews, and race meetings, fraternizing as freely with the people as with rulers and statesmen.

To weigh the tangible fruits of King Edward's en-

deavors it is enough to compare Great Britain's position to-day with what it was in 1901. Seven years ago England and France were still pursuing their secular quarrel with a bitterness that on both sides of the Channel had come to be accepted as the normal basis of their relations. To-day they are friends who are all but allies. The King has helped to rivet yet firmer the many bonds that unite Great Britain and Portugal; to broaden and confirm the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; to coax Spain out of the ill humors and animosities bequeathed by the Spanish-American war; to dissipate the cloud that hung over Anglo-Italian relations for some years after the disaster of Adowa; to bring the three chief Mediterranean powers together in a common understanding; and to place an English Princess on the new-born throne of Norway. Thanks to his dissolvent influence the insensate suspicion that has for so long permeated Anglo-Russian relations is at length giving way to confidence and agreement.

Stories Told of Sir Hiram Maxim.

M. A.P., the famous London anecdotal paper (which is again under the editorship of T. P. O'Connor, his own paper, P.T.O., having been merged with the older journal) tells these stories about a man of world-wide reputation, concerning whom few stories are circulated:

Sir Hiram Maxim, whose son, Mr. Percy Maxim, has been following in his father's footsteps, and inventing a new noiseless gun, is still keenly interested in science and invention in spite of his sixty-eight years. Sir Hiram can hardly remember the day when he was too young to invent things, for he began when he was still a boy in knickers. All through his youth he showed a remarkable aptitude for mechanics, and he also showed great skill as an artist. After he left school, he was engaged for a time as a carriage painter, and one day a man called when his employer was out. On the latter's return, young Hiram informed him of the visitor. "But," said he, "I forgot to ask his name, so directly he had gone I drew that." "That" was a cleverly executed sketch of the caller, and so exact was the likeness, though the boy had only seen the original for a few minutes, that his employer had not the least difficulty in recognizing his visitor.

The idea of Sir Hiram's most notable invention came to him in a curious fashion. He was firing an old-fashioned rifle, and the rebound was so tremendous that his shoulder was sore for long afterwards. That set his active mind to work, and he determined to find some way of utilizing the superfluous power. The result was the world-famous Maxim gun. Of late years, Sir Hiram has devoted himself to the perfection of the flying-machine, and he is firmly of the opinion that the wars of the future will mostly be decided in mid-air.

Sir Hiram once had an amusing experience while staying at a certain hotel at the seaside. When the time came for him to leave, he found that he had insufficient ready money to settle his bill, so he drew a cheque for the amount. The proprietor politely informed him that he could not accept the cheque. "For," said he, "I do not know whether you are really Sir Hiram Maxim." The inventor was beginning to feel annoyed when Lady Maxim came to his aid. She advised the hotel proprietor to look into one of the slot machines, or "mutoscopes," on the pier, when he would see a "living" picture of Sir Hiram firing one of his famous guns. Boniface did as he was bid, and shortly afterwards accepted the cheque with many apologies.

Judge Longley and the Salvation Army.

THE News, of Manchester, England, says: Judge Longley, whose speech at the Canadian Club dinner in New York last week created such a sensation, should—according to his own account—have been a Salvationist. When General Booth was in Canada sixteen years ago, Mr. Longley, who at that time had scarcely got his foot on the first rung of the ladder of his profession, was "strongly moved to come out to the penitential form, don the red jersey and offer his services to the General." The desire for success and fame, however, proved too strong, and "law" rather than "grace" triumphed. The story was told by the judge himself at a meeting to welcome General Booth at Halifax, Nova Scotia, last October, and he went on to say that although he had succeeded and had realized to the full his worldly ambitions, he had sorrowfully to admit that he was disappointed with his life, and frankly regretted that he had not "obeyed the call."

The World's Richest Baby.

THE little Tsarevitch, Alexei Nicolaievitch, is the richest child in the world, for, although he is only three years old, he is already worth over £300,000 a year. Shortly after his birth, he was insured for half a million pounds, and the money spent on guarding him from harm would keep dozens of poor families in comfort for life. On more than one occasion an attempt has been made to kidnap little Alexei; and some time ago, in spite of the vigilance of the detectives, a man actually gained access to the gardens where the Imperial children are wont to play. Luckily, he was soon discovered, and an exciting drama was lost to the world. The Tsarevitch is a bright, quick-witted child, as yet happily ignorant of the troubles of the nation over which he will one day rule; though, if we can believe the astrologer who cast his horoscope, his reign will be much more tranquil than that of his august father.



Mistress—"Jane, that's another wine-glass you've broken! How did it happen?"
Jane (cheerfully)—"Don't know, I'm sure; but I allus wipes them little things off their stalks."—Punch.

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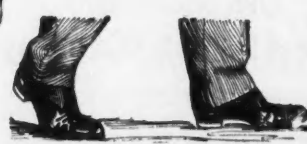
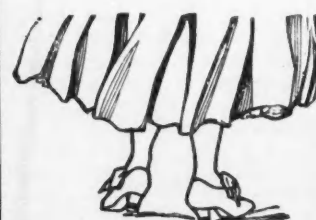


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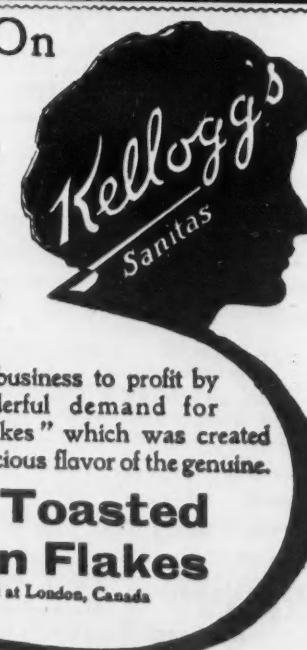
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THE GAMES OF THE ANCIENTS

LIKE many of the accomplishments of civilization, which we inherit, is the establishment of games as an organized institution which we owe to the Greeks, who initiated at Mount Olympus the first properly conducted athletic meets in the world's history.

It is not known exactly when these games first began to be celebrated. Popular tradition refers their origin to Herakles, and since from their earliest times they were celebrated at Olympia, in Pisatis, the inhabitants of that small territory claimed to have been the founders; but the presidency passed over into the hands of the Aetolians, of Elis, when the latter became possessors of the neighboring Pisatis.

The Olympian games, like the Pythian, were celebrated once every four years, at the first full moon after the summer solstice, but not in the same year as the Pythian, which took place every third Olympic year. Originally the games consisted simply of foot races. From the year 776 B.C. the names of the victors were recorded in an official catalogue, preserved thenceforth regularly by the Eleians. The first name written therein was that of Eleas Korobus. This catalogue became very valuable, not only as the first written document of Ancient Greece, but also because the later Grecian historians, recognizing the necessity for a common chronological system in place of the numerous and conflicting local calendars in vogue, had recourse to the quadrennial Olympic periods as a universally understood method of reckoning time. In describing any event, they would specify that it took place in the first, second, third or fourth year of such an Olympiad. But the Olympic games produced other results even more important. Until the seventh Olympiad, the victors received their prizes in money, but from that time forward their reward was a wreath or crown of olive, cut from a sacred tree growing in the Altis, which is one of the many proofs of the natural nobility and lofty soul of the Hellenic people, prizing as they did this merely honorary distinction. At these presentations, before the assembled multitude, each victor held a palm branch in his hand while the heralds proclaimed his name and that of his father and country. On his return home he was received with extraordinary distinction. Songs were sung in his praise, statues erected to him, both in his native city and at Altis; a place of honor was given him at all public spectacles; he was in general exempted from public taxes, and at Athens was boarded at the expense of the State in the Prytaneion.

The contestants were required to undergo a preparatory training of ten months in the gymnasium at Elis, and during the last of these months the gymnasium was almost as numerously attended as the games themselves. Up till the 14th Olympiad only one contest took place, the simple foot race. Then a second was introduced—the so-called "double course"—that is from the beginning to the end of the race course and back again. In the following Olympiad, 720 B.C., the contests were still further increased, and men thronged to take part in them, not only from Greece but even from Asia Minor. At the eighteenth celebration wrestling was added, as well as the Pentathlon, a contest of five exercises, leaping, quoit throwing, running, wrestling and hurling the javelin. At the twenty-third celebration, in 688 B.C., boxing was added and at the twenty-fifth, four-horse chariot races were introduced. This, like the modern Vanderbilt Cup Races, gave a spectacular and brilliant feature which attracted the wealthiest of the Greeks, who entered into the contests, vying with each other in a manner not surpassed by our modern kings of the turf, in entering the finest horses and the most expert charioteers. A victory in the Olympic chariot races was one of the highest honors that could fall to the lot of a citizen of any Grecian state.

As time advanced the games were still further multiplied, but as yet were all celebrated in one day. After the 77th Olympiad, 472 B.C., immediately following the decisive victory of the Greeks over the Persians, the national enthusiasm was so intensely aroused that it demanded an extension of this great Pan-Hellenic festival, and thenceforward the games lasted four days. Though some uncertainty prevails as to the manner in which the contests were distributed over the different days, Krause, an authority, suggests the following order: On the first day the great initiatory sacrifices were offered, for it was a religious festival in honor of the great god Zeus, whose most magnificent temple was on Mount Olympus. These ceremonies concluded, the competitors were properly classified and arranged by the judges and the contests of the trumpeters took place. The second day was set apart for the boys who competed with each other in foot races, wrestling, boxing, the Pentathlon, the pankration and horse races.

The third and principal day was devoted to the contests of men in foot races of different kinds, wrestling, boxing, the pankration (in which all the powers and skill of the combatants were exhibited), and the race of hoplites, or men in heavy armor. On the fourth day came off the Pentathlon, the chariot and horse races, and perhaps the contests of the heralds. The fifth was set apart for processions, sacrifices and banquets to the victors.

The "Marathon" race is, of course, an event introduced only at the modern revival some few years ago at Athens, and commemorates one of the most decisive battles in the world's history, that saved Greece from Persian rule and Europe from Asiatic dominion and the Oriental type of civilization. As soon as the battle was ended, a soldier set out at full speed to carry the news to Athens, and although still encumbered with his heavy armor ran so swiftly as to accomplish the journey in four hours. As the people anxiously crowded around him to learn his tidings, he staggered and fell from sheer exhaustion, exclaiming with his dying voice: "Rejoice, victory is ours!" The regulation of the games belonged to the Eleans, from whom were chosen the judges, whose number varied. At first there were only two, but as the games became more and more national and consequently more numerous, they were gradually increased to ten, sometimes even to twelve. They were instructed in their duties for ten months beforehand at Elis and held their office only during the one year.

Between 540 and 420 B.C., was the period of the most distinguished Olympic conquerors. Then flourished Milo, the famous athlete of Kroton, a Greek city in Italy. Milo obtained his first victory at the games while yet a child. On becoming of age he was proclaimed the victor in a wrestling match at Olympia, and he received the victor's

crown oftener than any other athlete. Not only did he frequently conquer at Olympia, but also six times at the Pythian, nine times at the Nemean, and ten times at the Isthmian games. Exenetos, of Agrigentum, a city of Sicily, also obtained the victor's crown, and on returning to his native country was received by a procession in which there were three hundred white horses.

It was about the fifty-ninth Olympiad that statues of the victors began to be erected at Olympia, which were continually increased from year to year and greatly added to the beauty of the place. When we consider that Olympia was exceedingly rich in works of art of all kinds, as magnificent temples, altars and statues of the gods, in bronze, silver, gold and iron, and that it was a most enchanting place in its natural features, we need not be surprised that it became one of the wonders of the universe, in every way worthy of that gifted race which thronged thither to celebrate the most glorious of its national festivals.

W. W. ALEXANDER.

Toronto, July, '08.

Thackeray's Substitute.

MANY American readers of Thackeray have wondered how he was able to write so graphic and correct an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne, and his journey through the wilderness to the banks of the Potomac—as Thackeray had never seen the magnificent valley through which his gallant hero fled after his daring escape. It will be a surprise to many people, writes D. K. Janowitz, in *Lippincott's Magazine*, to hear that Thackeray did not write that chapter at all, but that the well-known author John P. Kennedy did. This is the story as Colonel John H. B. Latrobe once told it:

Kennedy was at a dinner in London, with Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and other celebrities. The dinner was over, and the guests were settling down to the wine and cigars, when Thackeray, who was entertaining the company with his wit and satire, suddenly stopped, and, taking out his watch, exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I must leave you. I hate to go, but I must. I have promised the printer a chapter of 'The Virginians' to-morrow morning, and I haven't written a line of it yet. The printer is inexorable. So, wishing you all another meeting when I can be longer with you, I bid you good evening."

Thackeray had almost reached the door when Kennedy called him back and said:

"Perhaps I can write the chapter for you. What are you going to describe?"

The great novelist seemed a little surprised, but, being a perfect man of the world, said:

"Kennedy, you are extremely kind, and gladly would I let you write that chapter for me, for I hate to leave a jolly party."

"Then don't," all the company cried. "Stay with us, and let Mr. Kennedy write the proposed chapter."

"I've half a mind to let you do it, just for the fun of the thing. It is a chapter chiefly of description, giving an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey to the Potomac."

"If that's what you are writing about, I can do it, for I know every foot of the ground."

"All right, then," said Thackeray, resuming his seat at the board. "Let me have it early to-morrow morning."

Mr. Kennedy withdrew, and, going to his hotel, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of "The Virginians," and thus it happened that George Warrington's narrative of his flight was so accurate as to the topography of the country through which he passed.

Taft a Unitarian.

MR. TAFT'S religious persuasions are no longer a matter of doubt. A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* recalls the fact that some years ago Mr. Taft, while serving on the Bench in Ohio, handed down an opinion in connection with a division in the United Brethren Church as a result of its revision of creed. His judgment was sustained by the Appellate Court. Recently one of the higher officials of that church, who took part in the trial of the case, attended a Y.M.C.A. meeting at which Mr. Taft made an address in Cleveland, Ohio. During his address Mr. Taft made reference to the work of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. This created some doubt in the mind of the United Brethren official as to the religious belief of the big secretary. After the address this gentleman went to Mr. Taft, asked for a private conversation with him, led him into a closed room, and then asked the blunt question: "Mr. Taft, to what church do you belong—are you a Catholic?" "I see," responded Mr. Taft, "that I have an advantage which you do not possess over me. I was the presiding judge in the case in which you appeared in behalf of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and therefore know just what your religious belief is. I am even farther removed from the 'Mother Church' in my belief than you are—I am a Unitarian."

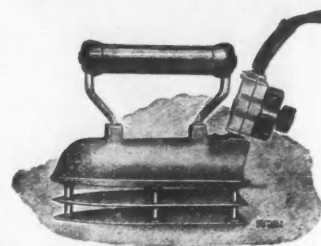
PRINTERS' INK, of New York, says: Few business houses have a follow-up system in any way approaching the scope, completeness and hard-hitting personal quality of that used daily by King Edward. When a hundred and fifty Englishmen sat down to a dinner in New York the other night to celebrate Empire Day, for instance, a cable message containing good words from the King was received and read. No ruler in the world has so many hundreds of millions of subjects. Great Britain alone is as large as the United States from the standpoint of keeping all the races and factions sweet and happy. Yet, let it be a celebration, a dinner, a cornerstone laying, a broken sporting record, a useful new invention, a mine or sea disaster, or any other event, accidental or pre-arranged, in any part of his Empire, and prompt to the hour will come the King's telegram, cable or letter, bearing congratulation or sympathy. They may be form letters, but they always hit the event on the head, and they always get to the spot. It must require a bureau to keep this system going.

On Thursday morning last the first seed for the new building in the Department of Household Science of the University of Toronto was turned. The building is the gift of Mrs. Massey Treble and is to be a handsome structure of stone. It will contain laboratories and class rooms thoroughly appointed for the work in Household Science, together with a gymnasium and swimming bath, and when completed will be undoubtedly one of the finest buildings for this purpose to be found in any university. There were a small company present, including Mr. and Mrs. Massey Treble, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Massey, Professor A. B. Macallum, Miss Laird, Miss Benson and some others. The President of the University made a short statement as to the purpose of the building, and thanked the donor for the gift to the University.

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CAPTAIN H. R. POOLE.
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

TUESDAY evening the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's dance was the Mecca towards which most of the young people's faces were turned, and the weather having considerably cooled off after the storm a really pleasant dance was enjoyed by the energetic, while the verandas were thronged with the more sedate, who could not sufficiently admire the view of the bay, which was more than usually beautiful under the lowering grey masses of cloud through which the moon struggled about 10 o'clock. The customary number of small dinners was given before the dance, all the tables being engaged more than a week beforehand; Mr. H. D. Eby was the host of a party of ten covers; Mr. R. M. Simpson, Mr. O'Grady and Mr. G. C. Gale entertained at dinners of eight. Those giving smaller parties were: Mr. J. S. King, Mr. Strong, Mr. F. Sparling, Mr. W. H. M. Bonnell, Mr. F. Hodgson, Mr. T. L. Dobbin, Mr. Neely, who had a party of four including Mrs. Neely, who looked very pretty in a pale pink lingerie frock and large hat bound with black and massed with roses, and Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, the latter wearing a Dresden silk gown, charlotte hat of cream lace with blue velvet bows; Mr. Archibald, Mr. C. D. Maughan, Mr. McKimmon, Mr. G. D. Perry, Mr. F. C. Smallpiece, Mr. S. Leigh Hammond, accompanied by Mrs. Hammond, who wore a chic gown of pale pink corded with white and a large hat with fuchsia wings; Mr. E. S. Dean, Mr. Chillas, Mr. R. B. Holden, Mr. H. A. Scandrett, Mr. Jim Cosgrave, Mr. Rosseau Kleiser, who brought his pretty little bride in a pale green frock with touches of gold and large hat massed with Neapolitan violets; Mr. W. B. Somerset also gave a small dinner. Some others noticed were: Mrs. J. Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Edge, Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bell (Memphis, Tenn.), the latter lady wearing a pretty light frock and very smart hat faced with rose colored velvet; Mrs. Dobie, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Henry Duggan, in palest blue; Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sweetman, the latter in a pink flowered frock and sash to match; Mr. and Mrs. Bob Moody, Mrs. McLeod in a white gown and geranium toque; Miss Irene McLeod wearing pink and with roses in her hair; Mrs. George Bryson, of Ottawa, wore a princess frock and pretty little toque of pale yellow roses with a parade plume at the side; the Misses Francis from Niagara Falls wore mauve and white, and white respectively, and were greatly admired for their graceful dancing; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Myles were present, Mrs. Myles wearing a blue gown with Persian embroideries and hat in shades of petunia; Miss M. B. Beddoe, Miss T. Johnson, Miss Yewsey, Miss Gordon, Miss McLeod was a stunning girl in a white organdie and lace gown over pale blue and becoming white lace hat with a sweeping paradise feather; Miss Edith Porter, daughter of the R.C.Y.C.'s energetic secretary, wore a pink muslin and lace frock and was accompanied by her friend, Miss Phoebe Reid, who was all in white; Miss Crosey, Mrs. Carl Rose, of Niagara Falls, was pretty in white and a blue ribbon twisted in her hair; Miss Birdie Luttrell wore a white point d'esprit frock and carried a cluster of crimson roses; Miss Stockwell, Miss Boomer, Miss Patterson, Miss Ardagh, Miss Adele Thomas, white and mauve frock and a very large hat with roses; Mrs. Sterling Dean wore white and a becoming hat massed with white lilac; Miss Aiken, Miss F. Somerville, Miss Norma Armstrong wore a sailor dress which was most becoming; Mrs. Jack Palmer was smart as usual in a linen tailored and black hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Muriel Dick, who came once with her brother, wore a blue and white coin-spotted frock and hat with roses and lilacs; Miss Edna Cosby was in white and a smart little black hat; Miss Helen Merritt, Miss Hope; Miss James wore a pink liberty satin frock much inserted with Cluny lace; Mrs. G. E. Gooderham wore a white frock with blue embroideries and a lingerie hat with blue ribbon bows; Miss Hilda Reid was in white and a small hat with roses and blue velvet; Miss Aileen Robertson was a dainty little girl in pink and a big white hat and feathers; Miss Irene Gage was in white and blue; Miss Edith Holland looked her prettiest in white muslin and lace; Miss Evelyn Taylor was another belle who wore white; Miss E. Alexander, Miss Bailey, Miss Furlong; Miss Florence Bell was among the dancers and wore a striped chambray frock and panama hat with emerald satin bows; Miss Mona Murray looked very smart in a blue frock and baby hat with blue ribbons and roses; Miss Edna Meredith wore a flowered chiffon over pink and panama hat with Dresden ribbon; Miss Muriel Jarvis, whom her friends were delighted to welcome after her long absence, was pretty in a white frock, dog-collar of pink coral, and black hat with pink wings; Miss Muriel Baldwin was in a mauve frock and white lace hat; Mrs. James Sutherland was a picture in white and a hat with pink bows; Miss Ethel Webster wore pink and a lingerie hat with blue bows and a spray of pink roses;

Miss Louise Watt was in white with a blue sash and hat; Miss Evelyn Dickson was pretty and petite in a white and pink frock, lingerie hat and wearing a corsage bouquet of mauve sweet peas; Miss Marjorie Murray wore a turquoise blue frock and big black hat with cerise choux; Mrs. Harold Chillas wore a blue tailor-made and small hat; Mrs. H. Oliphant was in white with a blue hat; Mrs. Arthur Massey looked handsome in a pink lingerie gown and charlotte Corday hat with upstanding pink ostrich feathers; Mrs. E. S. Glasscoe looked very pretty in white; Miss Amy Sinclair was in white and a hat with garlands of blue roses. A few of the men present were: Mr. George Seares, Mr. Porter, Mr. F. A. Maclean, Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Neely, Mr. Jim Cosgrave, Dr. Davies, Mr. Gerard Muntz, Mr. Moody, Messrs. Patterson, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Frank Allan, Capt. Lindsay, Mr. Gale, Mr. Archibald, Mr. D. Taylor, Mr. Deane, Mr. Grantham, Mr. Ernest Kortwright, Mr. Souter, Mr. J. S. Mackenzie, Mr. Stephen Jones, Mr. Perry and Mr. Harcourt.

Mr. Stanley Thompson, son of Chevalier Enoch Thompson, spent the week-end at Niagara-on-the-Lake and enjoyed the jolly dance at the Queen's Royal Saturday evening, when one of the largest crowds of the season was present.

In view of the fact that the Lord Mayor of Leeds, England (Mr. Wilfred L. Hepton), is very well known in Canada, owning an island on Lake Joseph, Muskoka, where he and Mrs. Hepton hope to spend part of the summer, the following paragraph from the Leeds Mercury with reference to the last Court Drawing-room will be of interest: Miss Hepton, the 17-year-old daughter of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Leeds, who was presented by the Hon. Mrs. Gervase Beckett, in the absence of her mother, looked very charming in a Directoire gown of white Liberty satin, trimmed with tulle, and embroidered with seed pearls, and a train of white illusion tulle over cloth of silver, lined with Liberty satin, and finished with sprays of white May blossoms and large bows of white satin ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Plaskett are spending the summer on their beautiful island, Bohemia, Lake Rosseau, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Perry and their son.

Mrs. Fred B. Tillson, of Tillsonburg, announces the engagement of her second daughter, Eva Van Norman, to Mr. Robert Baird, M.A., of the Traders Bank, Tillsonburg. The marriage will take place the middle of August.

Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Snell have returned from their wedding trip and are at 679 Spadina avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliott have gone to Port Carling until September 15th.

Mrs. H. F. Sharpe, Admiral road, sailed on the 3rd by S. S. Virginian for Europe, and will be absent four or five months.

Miss Florence Ross and Mr. Jas. Ross, of Dunbar road, sail from Quebec on the 10th, via Empress of Ireland, for England, where the former's marriage to Mr. Charles N. Ryan, of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, will take place the latter part of this month.

Mrs. and Miss Michie are leaving shortly to enjoy the rest of the summer at the Royal Muskoka, Lake Rosseau. Miss Effie Michie, who has been staying with Mrs. James Cantlee in Winnipeg, has proceeded to the Coast to visit her other sister Mrs. Stewart.

On Tuesday evening 200 of the visiting American Golf Association were entertained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Toronto, at a moonlight sail on the steamer Macassa which left the Yonge street dock at 9 o'clock, bearing the jolly crowd, which gave an impromptu concert to the accompaniment of the orchestra in attendance.

Mrs. Harry Grantham and Miss Zillah Grantham have gone to Muskoka for the remainder of the summer.

Torontonians at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, this week were: Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Boubtlee, the Misses Watson, the Messrs. Watson, the Misses Strauss, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Aylward, Mr. Frank Dodd, Miss Emily Dixon, Mr. W. H. Merritt, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. Fudger, Mr. P. Robins and party, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin and party, the Hon. J. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Pack, Miss Edith G. Brown, Miss E. A. Brasier, Lt.-Col. J. Vance Graveley and his son, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mrs. T. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Browne.

On Wednesday night the Scarborough Beach management entertained the American Golf Association at a supper on the lawn, the members going direct from the Lambton Golf Club by private cars.

Mrs. James E. McClung returned from Paris on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Curran, with their son and daughter, are leaving next week for Niagara-on-the-Lake to spend a long time at the Queen's Royal. They will take over their six-cylinder Napier and enjoy some runs over the fine roads of the Niagara Peninsula.

Miss Blakie, who has just returned from a trip abroad, has accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Blakie to Minnieog.

Mrs. Alfred Wright has left to spend the summer at Jackson's Point.

Major Mills, who was staying at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, has left for his home in London, Ont., and will later go on to Cobalt on business.

Mrs. McConkey, accompanied by her daughter, leaves next week for Quebec, where she will stay with friends for the Tercentenary festivities.

Mrs. F. S. Peterson, who has been enjoying a pleasant visit at Niagara-on-the-Lake, returned to town this week accompanied by her two little girls. Mrs. Neely has also returned from Niagara.

Mr. George S. Foy and Mr. W. G. Bell, of Toronto, are in Montreal. Mrs. W. A. Thompson is also in Montreal for a week.

Mrs. Stuart A. Marvin with Miss Marjorie and Master Hervey left last week for their summer cottage at Point au Baril.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE prize list of the Canadian National Exhibition of Toronto, to be held this year between August 29 and September 14, is in course of circulation.

A number of changes have been made in the way of improvements. Considerable additions have also been made to several of the classes; among others \$1,100.00 is to be divided into six prizes for the best decorated floral display on floor space not exceeding 500 square feet. The object of this change is to improve the appearance of the Agricultural Building, and to induce exhibitors to show their ability in the way of designing flowers, plants and shrubs for decorative purposes.

The increase of prizes for the Agricultural Section amounts to upwards of \$700.

Special efforts have been put forth to make this year's exhibit of Art the greatest and most representative of the different schools that has ever been made in any city of America. Pictures have been secured from Florence, Munich, Paris and England. His Majesty, the King, in particular has consented to the exhibition of Lady Butler's world-renowned picture, "Scotland for Ever."

His Majesty has also consented to the visit to the exhibition of the magnificent band of the Royal Ar-

tillery of Woolwich, acknowledged to be the finest in either of the services, and the band will give select concerts twice daily as well as take the leading part in a grand international military tattoo and the best spectacle yet produced, illustrating the siege of Sebastopol and the victory of the allied forces of Britain and France. Arrangements have also been made for an exceptionally fine educational exhibit.

In short, every effort is being made by the directorate not alone to maintain the standard of Canada's great National Exhibition but to improve it in all departments.

It should be mentioned that the premiums and prizes will reach the handsome sum of \$50,000 and that entries close with the Secretary, J. O. Orr, City Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday, August 5th, to whom application for prize lists, entry blanks, space and any information required should also be addressed.

She—Taxes wouldn't be so high if we women were in charge of the city's affairs. He—I'll warrant the poll tax wouldn't. You'd have it marked down from \$2 to \$1.98.—New York Evening Post.

Miss Lingerlong—You have been a widower for ten years, haven't you, Mr. Flint? Mr. Flint—Yes, and I am just as persistent in it as I ever was, thank you!—Smart Set.

New York Discovers the Toronto Dinghy

How This Fast, Cheap Craft so Popular on Toronto Bay, its Birthplace, was Introduced to New York, Where it is Now Popular.

DINGHIES, the quick little sail-boats, which dot Toronto Bay in such numbers, have become popular in New York. C. V. Schuyler, writing in the New York Herald, tells about their introduction there. He says:

Motor boats have been the rage for the last few years. Every one has seen, heard and smelled the ubiquitous engine. It has put in an appearance in every conceivable kind of craft, even the canoe not proving immune. To those who truly love to sail, however, nothing but the feel of the tiller and straining of the sheet as the boat heels to the breeze brings real enjoyment.

Three years ago the writer was in Canada spending the summer, and he was attracted by a class of boats he had not met in home waters. Toronto Bay was alive with them, and right gayly they spun about and danced on the waves. They looked like a flock of seagulls, so many there were, and they glided so smoothly and quietly over the surface of the water.

Inquiry being made, the information was given that they were dinghies—an evolution of a yacht tender, rigged with a sail and centre-board, and that Toronto was their birthplace, but they had "caught on," so to speak, and were popular all through the King's dominion.

On leaving Toronto for St. Lawrence ports we found them everywhere in evidence. When Kingston was reached the first sight that met our eyes was the saucy little dinghy, sailing impudently round the quaint old harbor, and the breeze being light she was travelling twice as fast as boats much larger and with three times her sail area.

Finally, when we arrived in Gananoque, which was our summer destination, they were fairly in possession of the river, and then came the writer's opportunity to try for himself and see just wherein lay their special charm. It did not take more than a few trials to make it a certainty that without being the owner of just such a craft life in New York would be insupportable.

It greatly added to their fascination to see that even the girls sailed their own dinghies, and that in a race off the Gananoque Yacht Club at least four or five of these boats were handled, and skilfully handled, too, by the young women and girls residing thereabouts.

The order was given, and the first sailing dinghy ever seen in New York Bay was promptly shipped to the New York Canoe Club, at Bensonhurst. That it would prove a success here was a foregone conclusion. The first year there were two, both of Canadian make; then the patriotic spirit of the club awoke. "Can we build them in this country? Well, I guess we can!" So the loyal members went to work and found a builder willing to copy the model and eight more were ordered, to be exactly like the original.

Dinghy races have now become a feature of the club life on the bay. Any Saturday, Sunday or holiday they may be seen, always attracting attention by their saucy appearance and their easy way of being handled.

Two men to a boat is the rule in a race, but when out merely for pleasure they carry four most comfortably. On the St. Lawrence I have frequently seen five and even six passengers in light weather, but it is not advisable for comfort, nor even in case of necessity.

The models and sail area being identical, the races are particularly interesting, as it is an unflinching test of the ability of the sailor. When the starting signal is given, it surely is an inspiring sight to see the fleet all making for the line, jockeying for the windward position and each anxious to avoid a foul.

In spite of good seamanship, sometimes they are so close that the tide will sweep one against another, and, even though that puts the offender out of the race, on they go around the course, bound to show the merits of their boat and their individual skill in its handling.

The measurements are: Fourteen feet over all, five foot beam, square stern, round bottom, decked about five feet forward, giving an eight foot cockpit, with combing around same. The hull is given full lines forward, carrying gracefully aft, so as to make a stiff sailing craft.

A metal centreboard is used, giving a draught of about three feet. The sail used is what is known as leg-o'-mutton—140 square feet with



RAH! RAH! RAH!

Stranger: "Been a cyclone or an earthquake round here recently?"
Officer: "Naw—this yer's a college town, an' one of the students had a birthday party."—Harper's Weekly.

Our First Parliament

The Organization of the Government of Upper Canada by Simcoe, and the Meeting of the Legislature at Niagara in September, 1792.

hoist, a most simple and effective rig needing only one halliard, which is led aft and cleated on to the centre-board trunk so one can hoist or lower sail without going forward. It can be reefed most easily and quickly when necessary.

It is a never ceasing surprise how quickly the dinghies can get round in a light breeze, and, no ballast being needed, they ride the waves like a cork. By removing the forward seats two can sleep most comfortably in them, one on each side of the centre-board trunk. By hoisting the boom up, using same for a ridge pole, a canvas cover is stretched over and fastened down on the sides of the combing, making a perfect shelter from the weather.

Short cruises are often taken out in the broad Atlantic past Coney Island to Sheephead Bay, over to Staten Island and down to Sandy Hook and the Highlands, so there is no question of their seaworthiness.

On moonlight nights it is no uncommon sight to see dinghies sailing over the bay, and a pretty sight it is as they glide so swiftly and smoothly over the waves in the soft light of the moon.

They are so comfortable, too. The arrangement of the seats makes it possible to pile cushions against the forward deck on the floor boards and seat one person on each side of the centre-board trunk, then, as the boom swings fairly high, there is no trouble in dodging it when she "comes about." That mode of seating passengers is, of course, only in light breezes. When the wind blows in a more businesslike manner she sails better with all weight to windward, and an extension to the tiller makes it possible for the skipper to sit where he pleases as he steers.

And now I come to what is perhaps to some the most interesting information of all. The total cost of one of these boats, rigged complete, is not more than \$150, so it brings one within the financial reach of most of us. The mast and sail can easily be unshipped and stored, so there need be no worry or anxiety about the sail getting wet and becoming mildewed. A neat canvas cover fits over the cockpit when the sailor is ready to stow her away, keeping her snug and dry from one week's end to the next.

Joel Chandler Harris.

(Died, July 3rd, 1908.)

NOT in the fearsome roar of deadly strife

Gun calling unto gun,
And flashing red against the snowy smoke

His living bays were won.
Not in the war of Trade, the fight for gold

Where weaklings sink and die
And conquerors march onward in disdain,
Nor heed the glazing eye.

Not thus he mounted to the hill of Fame

All glorious with light.
Not thus, His gentle soul was greater far

He made the world more bright.
For, like the fairy Piper in the tale,
His music, sweet and mild,
Captured the glad allegiance full and free

Of every little child.

He gathered boys and girls about his knee,
And told them tales so rare
Of all God's gladsome creatures of the field,
God's songsters of the air.

And thus, unpanoplied with sword or spear,
His heart stayed young and sweet,
And happy little children thronged to lay
Fresh laurels at his feet.

—J. E. Middleton in the Toronto News.

tions being held in June and in the early days of July.

It was July when Simcoe reached Kingston, and he at once set about organizing the Government of Upper Canada. His first duty was to complete his Legislative Council. Four of its members had already been appointed in England—Wm. Osgoode, Wm. Robertson, Peter Russell and Alexander Grant. Robertson, however, did not come to Canada, resigning shortly after his appointment and in 1793 his place was filled by the appointment of Aeneas Shaw. The remaining members who were appointed by Simcoe were John Munro, of Matilda; Richard Duncan, of Rapid Plat; Richard Cartwright, Jr., of Kingston; Robert Hamilton, of Niagara, and James Baby, of Detroit, for Detroit was then subject to the government of Canada and remained so until 1796. The commissions were read and the oaths administered in the little church opposite the market-place.

Osgoode, Russell, Baby and Grant were appointed executive councillors, and the little Cabinet held meetings almost daily, one session having been held upon Sunday, so eager were they for the despatch of business. One of the Government's first important duties was to arrange the constituencies which were to return the sixteen members of the House of Assembly. On July 16 the proclamation was issued for holding the elections and the meeting of the Legislature, which was called to assemble at Niagara (Newark) on the ensuing 17th of September.

The elections were duly held, but one of the successful candidates had to be rejected. He was Philip Dorland, of Prince Edward and Adolphustown, who, as a Quaker, refused to take the oath of office. A new poll was ordered, the first by-election in Canada.

On the day appointed Simcoe opened the first session of the first Parliament in old Canada, for the Legislature of Lower Canada did not meet until exactly three months later. According to Duncan Campbell Scott, in his Life of Simcoe, this first session of the Upper Canadian Parliament met in Freemason's Hall, Newark. At mid-day the Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by a guard of honor from the 5th Regiment, proceeded to the hall and delivered the speech from the throne to the "Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly."

The scene, writes Mr. Scott, was a notable one. "The frame in which the moving picture was set was worthy of the subject; the little niche cut in the forest at the edge of the river where the great lake swept away to the horizon, upon every side the untouched forest, tracked with paths leading through the wilderness to waterways which lay like oceans in a setting of emerald."

With as great circumstance as could be summoned, Simcoe had arranged the drama. It was a miniature of Westminster on the breast of the wilderness."

At that time there was standing at Newark a group of four long, low buildings of wood, erected about 1788 and known as Navy Hall. Simcoe had one of these fitted up as a residence, and another, the barracks of Butler's Rangers, was enlarged and converted into a House of Parliament. The first session of the Legislature was held in the Freemasons' Hall, but the other four sessions were held in the barracks, which Simcoe referred to as "sheds." They were built of rough lumber and furnished with benches and tables, made, no doubt, by the carpenters of the garrison. One of that group of buildings is still standing, but in a very dilapidated condition. The Niagara Historical Society, in their effort to save this notable landmark in the history of Upper Canada, have asked aid from the Federal Government, which, it is hoped, will be freely granted.

The Legislature was organized without delay. John Macdonell, of Glengarry, was elected Speaker of the Assembly; Chief Justice Osgoode was appointed Speaker of the Council; Captain John Law, a retired officer of the Queen's Rangers, was made Sergeant-at-Arms, while the Rev. Dr. Addison acted as Chaplain. The first session lasted until October 15, not quite a month, but eight important acts were passed—British law was set up and trial by jury established; provision was made for the administration of justice and the toll for millers was fixed at one-twelfth, but the Council rejected the Assembly's bill to tax spirits.

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Constructive Criticism.

THE chief function of constructive criticism is to aid the artist in understanding precisely what he is about. Possessed of this understanding he is prepared to concentrate upon the execution of his idea such power as inspires him; and when it is executed, the judicial critics will anticipate the slow mind of posterity in its appraisal. That he should be critically conscious of his art during the process of composition is neither needful nor profitable. A skater who must constantly think of his balance cannot skate well; but a person who has never thought of

it cannot skate at all. Similarly, a poet must think in verse; but he can think in good verse only when versification operates in his mind subconsciously; and it can become subconsciously only through familiarity of conscious knowledge. Not by nature can any artistry become second nature, but only by habitual precise understanding.

And yet a considerable body of amateurs deny nowadays that, in literature, at least, the artist ever needs to learn precisely what he is about. Because art only serves, not supplies, inspiration, and because art must operate subconsciously in order to succeed, they imagine exceptions to the law that nothing can be instinctive which has not previously been intelligent. Aeschylus, they say, wrote the "Prometheus Bound" without considering that the essence of drama is a struggle of wills; Virgil involved the subtle harmonies of his verse with no understanding of alliteration; Victor Hugo never heard of Emphasis by Contrast. In short, every great writer presents to these gentlemen the miracle of consistently and opportunely producing certain results without knowing how to produce them. As applied to literature, this notion gains a certain speciousness from the fact that all men employ language. None the less, it flaunts fallacy upon its forehead. Because a child can paint a fence it does not follow that no man need learn to paint a landscape. Now, if this were merely a superstition of the letterless, it would not matter; one expects Philistinism of Philistines; but it is unfortunately believed by many whose knowledge and appreciation of literature give it importance. And in this bad eminence the heresy does many harms; it leads beginners to neglect learning how to write; it places judicial criticism in the ridiculous position of judging the irresponsibility; and it relegates genius to a limbo somewhere between stultification and apotheosis.—Brian Hooker in the July Forum.

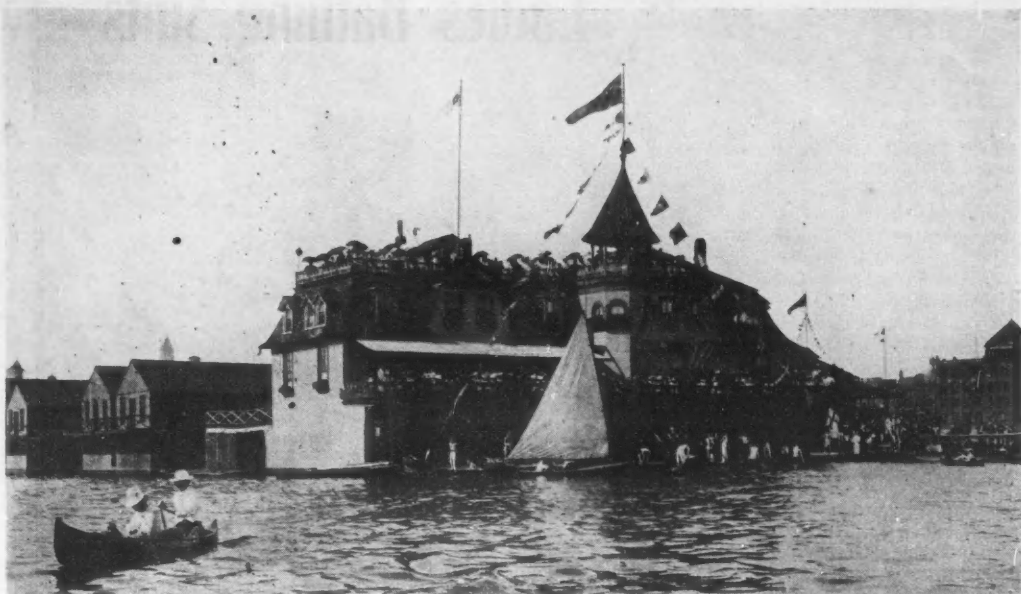
"Do you enjoy your new automobile?" "Not much," answered the nervous man. "When it runs I am apprehensive and when it doesn't I am annoyed."—The Newsbook.

"Say, dad," said a New York boy the other day, "what is 'innocuous desuetude'?" "It's the polite term for a race-horse, John."—Harper's Weekly.



A NURSERY ON THE FARM
Compliments of Price's Brindale Farm.

SPORTING COMMENT



The Toronto Canoe Club in gala attire for the annual regatta on Saturday last.

THERE is one branch of aquatic sport that Canada not only excels in but seems to have a monopoly of, and that is canoeing. What a bunch of experts could have been gathered together if there had only been some paddling races on the Olympic programme!

The canoe is recognized as the only craft for navigating Canada's many streams, especially in the North, and there are many expert wielders of the paddle throughout the West.

But canoeing, brought down to the artistic stage, was amply exemplified at the Toronto Canoe Club's regatta on the bay last Saturday. The sport is growing steadily around Toronto and the different clubs are to be congratulated on the efficiency shown by their representatives.

CANOEING and swimming should go hand in hand. One may think that the average man can take care of himself in case of trouble in the canoe game, but if the swimming clubs of Canada would only boost the game for the feminine sex there would be fewer casualties. Canadian girls do not take to the water like the girls of England and Australia. Perhaps the climate (the short swimming season) has something to do with it, but the advancement of swimming as regards the tender sex is a consummation devoutly to be, etc.

ANOTHER scalp at old Father Time's belt. One more hardy athlete in the person of Joe Gans succumbed to youth and vigor when

game for twenty years and is recognized as the greatest lightweight champion that has been. Never a high liver, he kept his body in shape for a score of years, although his bank roll dwindled away owing to the love of the crap game so peculiar to the colored race. Gans is well off financially now, due to the care he has taken of his winnings during the last few years, when he began to feel the hand of time. Prior to his fight with Nelson in Goldfield his end of the purse was always left in the seven-eleven game.

While we're on that old age line it would never do to forget old Cy Young of the Boston American baseball team. Cy has been in professional ball for a long time and any old year that he can't squeeze a no-hit game into his record, well, it don't seem right to the fans. Cy rung in another of the shut outs last week against the New York Americans, striking out three men and only allowing one base on balls. The player who received the charity was the only man to reach first during the nine innings. Cy is the veteran of all the leagues being now in his 41st year.

Phenoms, like Matthewson and Waddell, come and go, but Cy goes on forever.

Mr. Young hits the air after the baseball season closes and hikes back to his farm in Michigan. Perhaps that has something to do with his longevity in the baseball game. Some better in the health line than running a pool room or bowling alley.

Our old friend, Jack Thoney, had

plained his action by the statement: "We intend to arrest every lacrosse, football or hockey player who violates the law in any way while engaged in an athletic contest in Ottawa. The fact that a man is in a club sweater does not give him the privilege of committing an assault for which under other conditions he would be amenable." To this every one interested in the fine old game of lacrosse will exclaim, Hear! Hear!

LORD DESBOROUGH, writing with respect to the Olympic Games of 1908 at Shepherd's Bush, London, says the entries "reach an enormous total, amounting to some 1,300 for this portion of the games alone. The countries represented are Australasia, South Africa, Greece, Russia, Finland, Holland, Belgium, Italy, the United States, Germany, Sweden, Austria, Bohemia, France, Norway, Denmark, Hungary, Switzerland, Canada and the United Kingdom. Besides these athletic events, Olympic competitions have been arranged in archery, boxing, cycling, fencing, football, gymnastics, hockey, lacrosse, motor-boat racing, lawn tennis, polo, rowing, rifle and revolver shooting, skating, swimming and diving, tennis, wrestling and yacht racing."

JAMES BRAID was the winner of the Open Golf Championship of England again this year. "Bluemantle," in the London Mail, says that "a few weeks ago he produced the finest work on golf ever written, namely 'The Advanced Golfer,' a book full of useful hints and advice and interesting personal details of the author's progress in the game in which he has won championship honors on four occasions. The four-times champion was born at Earlsferry, in Fifeshire, thirty-eight years ago, in the very heart of the greatest golfing centre of the world, Earlsferry being hard by Elie and St. Andrews and Leven. Living in such a neighborhood it is not surprising to learn that from his very childhood James Braid has always had a golf club in his hand, and gained his earliest hints by watching and copying the golfing giants of those days. At the early age of eight he won his first competition, defeating all his opponents in a junior caddie tournament by no fewer than twenty strokes."

OLYMPIC NOTES.

That C.A.P. despatch announcing that Bobby Kerr was resting after Saturday's races was welcome news to his admirers in this country. Began to look as if they were working him too hard.

Archibald seems to be having his troubles already. The A.A.U. vaulters tried to ring in some passes that Ed. didn't like, digging holes or something. Archibald's performance last Saturday has made Sullivan's men think about that dope of finishing one, two, three.

But where, oh where, are the other Canadians? Barber and Savage get in on the medals, but the others are either distanced in their events or are not mentioned in the cables.

How about Caffrey's performance in that ten-mile try-out? Finishing a minute ahead of Harry Lawson is sure going some for the veteran.

George Goulding was badly beaten in the walk, but George stated at the final trials at Rosedale that he didn't expect to trim the English walkers unless he could change his stride. The English walk gets in closer to the run than is allowed in Canada. Goulding is somewhat of a distance runner, however, and

may work in for some points in the runs.

Funny thing about the A. A. U.'s aversion to competing against Longboat, when Ray Ewry, who is just about a certainty for the standing jumps, was found guilty of the same offence that Sullivan protests Longboat on, viz., competing at unsanctioned meets. Ewry's suspension didn't last long enough to keep him out of any of the principal meets, however.

And perhaps you have noticed that the greatest shot-putter of them all is on the job. Didn't Ralph Rose emphatically state that he was through with athletics when the President of Stanford University sprang those charges of professionalism? Yea, indeed he did. But the wily Jas. E. Sullivan is always there with the come-on, therefore Ralph is on the job.

With three challenge cups annexed already, Bobby Kerr's excess baggage for the return trip will just about require the chartering of a special steamer. Great display in the Ambitious city when the little blonde sprinter comes home with the goods.

Don't you know it helps some to have Bobby bring home the championship of England, especially after defeating Morton, who put it over him a few years ago at Montreal, and who is credited with the Canadian record for 100 yards?

Think over those 10 flat performances of Kerr's in England and then dope out the abilities of the C. A. A. U. timers at the Olympic trials. Kerr never got any the best of it around Toronto. No, not any. That's a recognized fact among the followers of the game.



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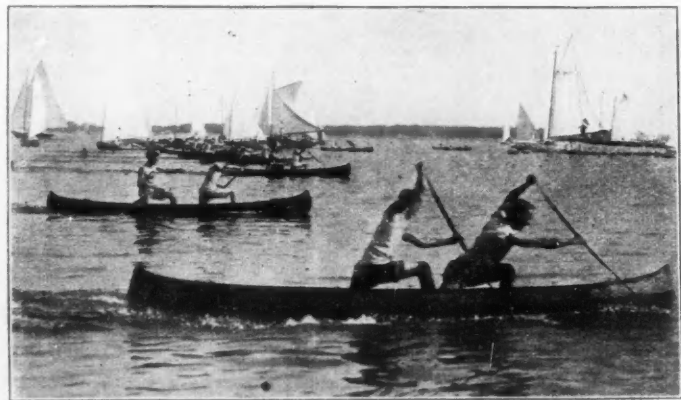
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CANOE CLUB REGATTA. Start of the Single-blade Tandems.

Battling Nelson was proclaimed the winner after seventeen rounds of milling on the fourth of July.

'Tis not two years ago since the wonderful black outfought the Dane at every stage and was far the best man in the 42nd round when Nelson practically acknowledged defeat by deliberately fouling Gans, yet age has been steadily working away and the Gans of last Saturday was a different man from the Gans of two years ago, as a 22-calibre shot is from a guncotton mine. Youth must be served. That fact is borne in on us every day, yet the pitcher will go to the well. Gans was right there when it came to accepting defeat, however. He threw all the bouquets toward his blonde conqueror and admitted that the best man won. But if you recollect, the championship went from Gans somewhat in the manner in which he won it. Frank Erne, the Buffalo boy, gave the negro a terrific beating in March, 1900, but Gans came back in May, 1902, and won in a round. He did things to Nelson in September, 1906, and the Battler comes back and collects in July, 1908.

With the possible exception of Bob Fitzsimmons, Gans has fought more battles than any other artist of the squared circle. He has been in the

to get his name in the despatches about the latest feat of the veteran twirler. Jack was injured. Any old time that the sandy-haired ex-Torontonian can't be the sensation of the day, it's a cinch he'll get hurt trying.

THE Longboat eligibility controversy is still the main topic in Olympic affairs, but just look at it in this way and await developments.

Can the C. A. A. U., the body that investigated his standing and pronounced him a simon-pure amateur, or the Canadian Olympic Committee that endorsed his entry for the games, back up now if the British authorities give heed to the A. A. U.'s jealous protests? We trow not. If Longboat is turned down it simply means that Canada is turned down. But Messrs. Crow and Stark know all about it, and even if they should fall for the A. A. U. bluff Tom Flanagan will be on the job. Just await developments in the Longboat case. He'll start or there will be doings in the amateur athletic world, especially on this continent.

THE other day at a lacrosse match in Ottawa the police arrested one of the players for assaulting an opponent. Chief De la Ronde ex-

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

Being a Little Story of a Maid, a Man, and a River.

By GEORGE ALLEN ENGLAND

This tale of the out-of-doors is taken from the July number of "The Outing Magazine," of New York. It is selected as being the best short story appearing in the magazine of the month, judged by its seasonableness and by the appeal it makes to Canadian readers.

I.

THEIR quarrel had flared out sudden, bitter, one irritatingly oppressive July day. There had been little reason or excuse for it save in Malcolm's rather savage innuendo concerning tenors in general and Alphonse Lebeau in particular, to which Jessica had retorted with somewhat unnecessary warmth.

"Now, now, Jess," deprecated Malcolm, "you know that mountebank naïf an idiot of himself last night in the Walton music-room with his mouthings of 'Les grands bois s'éveillaient....' and his sighs and ogles and all that absurdity! And on top of it all when he helped pass the chow, didn't he prance in with a string of saucers all the way up his arm—a dead give-away? But in spite of everything you saw fit—"

"I never."

"Pardon me, but I was watching you the whole evening!"

"You're my censor, then? How very kind!" She ground the heel of her white canvas boot angrily into the yielding pine-needles which lay along the cliff-top of Grindstone Island—"their" Island—in the broad St. Lawrence.

"Jessica!"

"I'm to take advice from you? I'm a child with neither common sense nor judgment?"

"I won't be rude enough to comment on the obvious!" Malcolm gritted, glowering out piratically over the dimpled river to where the distant town of Clayton, its windows blotched with fire by the afternoon sun, lay in the background of that peaceful scene.

The riposte had been too obviously easy, quite too inexcusably brutal. Realization of it flashed sickeningly over Malcolm, as the quick color painted Jessica's face even to the ears. He would have given his right hand (it seemed to him) simply to have clamped his jaw upon the unsaid words and crushed them—but they had been too swift for him, and now there stood Jessica, pale after the first impact of her bitter rage, chiffon parasol gripped savagely, chin high, eyes fulminating.

A moment the idea of apology grappled with Malcolm's own indignation—dignified apology if possible, object if that were necessary—anything at any price to win back the smiles and warmth to Jessica's brown eyes. The man stood there beside her uncertain, hesitant. To his ears came the familiar sough of the breeze in the pine-spills, the gossip of the surf on the shingle underneath the cliff, even the re-echoing bark of Jessica's collie off there somewhere in the island undergrowth—and all of these, connoting so much of happiness to Malcolm, joined with his own contrition in begging for the humble word which, right or wrong, might once more bless him with this woman's kindness.

But this one word Fate robbed away from him, for as it already sought breath for utterance:

"Very well," exclaimed Jessica decisively, her voice a Greenland glacier, "very well then, the next obvious thing is that I'll ask you to row me home, if you don't mind the great inconvenience. Or shall I row myself? Perhaps so eminent a critic as you might find it beneath him to row a child...."

The tone and manner of that "critic" knocked clean into a cocked hat Malcolm's just-unsaid word. Contrition melted instantly with the over-boiling anger which possessed him then. His mouth shut with a snap, his face grew hard and he stooped to gather up their things—a Navajo blanket, a well-thumbed volume of Rossetti and a score or so of his letters which they had been re-reading together that afternoon before the quarrel. As for the half-empty box of chocolates, he weighed that a second in his hand, then pitched it viciously over the cliff. Something about the *plash* it made in the water far below soled him a trifle.

While he was rolling the blanket and its contents into a bundle with considerable superfluous strength, Jessica set to her lips a silver dog-whistle and piped a shrill blast.

"That's how she'd like to bring me to heel!" thought Malcolm hotly, picking up his bundle. Then aloud,

"At your service!" he added, and bowed half-mockingly.

Jessica did not answer, but with her best interpretation of injured dignity betook her way down along the piny edge of the promontory to the gravel slope at the bottom of which their Rangeley skiff lay moored. Malcolm followed, silent, grim.

Just as he cast free the painter from a twisted spruce-root, Jessica's shaggy "Rex" burst from the undergrowth and bounded his noisy, impetuous way down to the shore. He fawned joyfully against his mistress, leaped up at Malcolm with affectionate nuzzlings, all unconscious of the prevailing state of siege. But not even his good offices could bring a smile to the man's firm-pressed lips or coax a glint of warmth into the girl's chill eyes.

II.

Long for Malcolm lagged the days that followed—golden days among the Thousand Islands in the breadth of waters that poured gigantically their cool green floods downward toward the Gulf. Long and lonesome the evenings—silver evenings when the gibbous moon transmuted into shimmering bridal-veils the mists of the Great River. Time dragged interminably without Jessica, he had perforce to admit that, once the keen edge of anger was blunted over, once the chill of their frigid home-coming had somewhat thawed. It had been a bad half-hour, that homeward row. Malcolm couldn't help mentally rehearsing it times without number. Not even salmon-trout fishing could take his thoughts from the subject as he lay anchored off Gananoque in his 6 h.p. motor, *Scud*, baiting his hook with a protesting frog. The frog, as it kicked and struggled, somehow reminded him of Monsieur Lebeau.

"Coldest frost I ever went against," Malcolm growled, "and I've been to Klondyke, too! Rowing a girl—the girl—two miles without a word just think of it, will you?" And all on account of that parlezvous person—that scraping, salaaming, expot-walloping tenor from Paris—Maine!

He cast the silk line whippily as if Lebeau himself were hooked, through the tuncful jaws instead of the frog. Then with a pull at his cap to shield his eyes he set himself a-fishing moodily enough to have satisfied even Jessica, could she have seen him. As he fished, gazing with spiritless eyes upon the wind-tossed waters, he cogitated.

His thoughts flowed even more roughly than the river. In ghostly review flitted before him the miseries, heart-burnings, indecisions of the past ten days—his first barbaric vow at all hazards to mop the one long street of Clayton with Lebeau, a vow quickly repealed by his own good sense of the ridiculous, then his vain tentatives at reconciliation; a letter returned to him unopened; a rebuff on the broad piazza of the hotel; and (most bitter draught of any) a definite, categorical ultimatum from Jessica's dragon-mother that All Was Over, and that he had better keep away.

His mood darkened as if in harmony with the sky, along whose eastern edge the wind-clouds were now piling up. Everything seemed black to him; even the fact that he dared not smoke his briar on board the volatile *Scud* became a real grievance. With deepening gloom he frowned at his line, pondered the righteous self-assertion of his cause. Wherein had he been at fault? he asked himself with searchings of the heart.

"Surely I was right in sizing up that four-flusher," he asseverated despondently. "And in registering a kick against Jess having anything to do with him. Surely I made every possible attempt to patch things up, afterward. Fact is, I don't quite feel that the shoe pinches me! And I'll be hanged if I buzz my brains about it any longer!"

He glowered at the waves which under the urge of the gusty wind were piling up right threateningly with here and there a whitecap, and nodded his head with self-justification. Yet somehow the subject refused to be dismissed by never so strong a verdict of Not Guilty—a verdict which after all brought no content.

"Curse the luck, it's lonesome here!" he protested. "No more of those little canoe trips up French Creek all among the reeds and cattails—no more books of verses underneath the bough on our Island—no more moonlight walks along the shore with Jess all white and frilly—no more runs through the channels in

Scud, of a sunny afternoon—no more nothing!

"Say, what's the use moping round Clayton, anyhow, if it's all off. Guess I'd better pull my freight tomorrow and drop down river to Alexandria Bay for a while, then hike for home, eh, where I belong!" And while I'm thinking of moving, I might as well clear out of this here, right away, and get back to Clayton before anything hits me," he added with a glance at the lowering sky. "Looks like Fishes' Union had gone on strike for an eight-second day and fatter frogs—and I've seen pleasanter clouds than those, too. *Scud*'s only a twenty-footer, anyhow, and the five miles to Clayton aren't going to be a mill-pond that's what, specially, the other side of Grindstone!"

III.

By the time Malcolm had rounded the western end of the Island, he was drenched and dripping. The wind had risen to more than half a gale even in the partial shelter of the Channel. As *Scud* surged out into the open, the tempest smote lazily—it roared and ravened down the sky, spurred the waters into mad rebellion, whipped off the whitecaps into driving spindrift. All the smaller craft had run for shelter; only a big Montreal passenger boat plowed along down stream.

"Jove, but this am a blow what am!" ejaculated Malcolm, crouching in the narrow space between the engine and the forward bulkhead. "Must have been one like this that 'almost killed father!'"

Clutching the wheel he held *Scud* to her course, quartering across the seas. Up she reared—up, up!—her sharp nose gleaming, dripping in air; then down she drove dizzily, blinding herself in a lather of spume. Each time her propeller cleared and the engine "raced," so that Malcolm had to cut her off. Then as the blades gripped water again, he flung her forward at full power.

"I might use—a few extra hands!" he gasped, dashing the water from his eyes as a tubful foamed aboard. "Wouldn't mind being a spider or a centipede or something—for a while!"

To him it seemed that *Scud* must be travelling fabulously, so violent the tumult of her passage was; but as he sighted on the Grindstone shore he found that really she was laboring but slowly against the surge of waves and wind.

"Blamed hard pull ahead of me yet," judged Malcolm, squinting at the Island now half a mile to port.

"Je-rusalem! What's that...." he added aloud. "If this isn't the limit of a day to flirt, then I'm a nature fakir!"

On top of the cliff—"their" cliff—a little figure had appeared—a girl's figure, flickering a scrap of white above her head.

"Say, she must be in the dotty class to think I'd hang around in this stew for the Queen of Sheba (which I wouldn't), even if I were the pick-up kind (which I'm not!)...." girded Malcolm viciously, holding the wave-battered *Scud* to her course. His spleen rose even at the idea that any other girl than Jess should have discovered that acric of theirs, and worse still, should be trying to flirt with him from it. Then instantly the second thought dawned:

"There's something wrong, up there! That's no summer-girl lodge—it's a wig-wag of distress!"

Drenched as he was, his chivalry caught fire in a twinkling.

"What! Pike on home and leave a girl marooned or in some sort of trouble? Guess not, while there's a drop of gasoline in the *Scud*'s carcass!"

He yanked the wheel hard over. The boat yawed, pitched and swung about, hogged into the waves and plunged terrifically as they caught her broadside. He held her to it, though, and headed for a straight run to the little familiar landing-place, the sheltered pebbly cove whither he had so often come with—but there, that name was taboo, so he thrust it from his mind.

"Good thing the *Scud*'s got air-tanks and can't sink anyhow," he congratulated himself, casting a quick glance at the mess aboard her. Every other wave or so was breaking over the rail, and in the bottom his bait, tackle, cushions, lunch-basket and tobacco were swashing violently round like some monstrous and bizarre kettle of soup—a most disheartening chaos.

"No matter, it's in a good cause," he consoled himself. "I'm no Thesus to sail off and leave a Lone Lady on a Ledge! But if this ever comes to the ears of—hullo, what the H—! fax?...."

Stupefied, he glared with wild eyes at the cliff. Beside the girl a big dog had appeared—a collie!

The shock of realization left Malcolm weak; he gripped the wheel for support. A dozen clamorous ques-

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THREE thick cushions, of heat-retaining material, fit on top of these utensils; and the hinged cover shuts down over these and locks with an easy-to-open clamp.

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The idea is this:—Put enough heat into food, and keep it IN the food long enough,—and that food will COOK ITSELF.

Merely a few minutes of hot fire will put it there. Then the Chatham Cooker, WITH-OUT FIRE, will keep it there,—sealed in self-locking ket-tles, covered with heat-retaining pads.

This way, the food comes to the table cooked properly,—with all its flavor kept in it, all its rich nourishment retained, not dissipated in steam, as in the old odorous, bothersome, drudgery way of cooking.

The Chatham Cooker sets the cook free of the kitchen, except for a few minutes a day. Think what that saves in labor! Think what this Cooker would save in FUEL;—the stove going only a few minutes instead of hours and hours!

Think of the fuss, anxiety, bother it saves,—the food cooks itself right without anybody watching over it; it tastes better, by far; it sets the cook free of the kitchen,—in every way, in every sense, it saves, it saves, it saves! This Cooker has been tested by such experts as Mrs.

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John McClary, head of the McClary Mfg. Co., the famous makers of stoves, has tested it carefully and says: "It is all you claim for it. In boiling ham, etc., the flavor is found to be much superior than obtained in the ordinary method of boiling, apparently retaining all the juices and substance of the meat."

The German army has used this Cooker 18 years in the military kitchens; it has been adopted by the U. S. army. That alone proves it does save, and does cook perfectly,—better than any other way of cooking. No other way cooks cereals so perfectly; no other way cooks beans so deliciously.

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tions battered at his mind, which knew not where to find a single answer. Jess out there on such an afternoon? Why had she not returned before the storm? Was she alone, or maybe with that unspeakable Lebeau—whom very likely didn't dare row back? Had she recognized him? If so, where was her famous pride....? His thoughts weltered as confusedly as the torment of winds and waters that thundered all about him.

Temptation whispered, "Stand away and leave her!" Malcolm obeyed a second, but his manhood brought the wheel back. He set his teeth as for an ordeal.

"Guess I'll take what's coming to me anyhow, and not run like a whipped cur!" he muttered.

The engine began to intermit. He bent to cut off the gasoline a trifle, receiving in the act a bucket or so of cold water which carried his cap away and sloshed down his back.

When, disheveled and dripping, he straightened up again, the figure on the cliff had disappeared.

IV.

He brought the *Scud* in past the bar to smoother waters and so to the sheltered cove, their former landing-place. Here the wind hardly struck at all; it seemed impossible to believe that outside was roaring such boisterousness.

Jessica was standing on the gravel slope, observing him with an impassive gaze. She looked rather pale (he thought) but quite collected enough to cause Malcolm a flash of indignation and shame as he realized the contrast between himself—clothes all sodden and running little trickles, hair plastered to his forehead and trickling too—and her cool, fresh

whiteness of starched linen. Even the collie, Rex, sitting beside her, seemed grinning at him with long and scalloped lips.

The prow gritted. Malcolm jumped ashore and pulled *Scud* firmly into the gravel. Then he turned, bowed, and in lieu of a cap to take off, gestured ceremoniously with his hand.

"Madam, at your service!" he exclaimed, as much color in his voice as any clothing-store dummy might possess, if vocalized.

Jessica bit her lip, then, taking her cue from him, replied:

"Sir, it's very kind of you, I'm sure. This must be a great inconvenience to so busy a man!"

"None whatever—a stupendous pleasure!"

"But really I didn't care to stay out here alone all night. My boat went adrift three hours ago, before the wind rose. I hailed a couple of craft but they didn't see me or else thought I was trying—"

"Of course," Malcolm smiled with disconcerting acquiescence. She reddened, but kept on a bit uncertainly:

"And as for your boat, you understand, that so far away—with such rough water breaking over it—I couldn't—didn't—"

"Recognize your humble servant?" Malcolm finished for her. "Pray don't explain. The fact that you're marooned is quite enough in itself. No Ariadne ever appeals in vain to me for rescue from a desert island! If you'll condescend to step aboard my trimmer I'll save you just as quickly as wind and weather will permit. Shall I assist you?"

"Thank you, I can get aboard quite easily myself," she retorted, in-

dignant yet powerless to refuse the offer of this imperturbable man whose cheerful sarcasm astounded her with its newness, enraged yet oversmiled her. "Come, Rex!" she commanded sharply, as she gathered her white skirt in one hand and picked her way down the rocky slope.

Then she stopped suddenly. "Oh, the Rossetti—I've forgotten it!" she exclaimed. "It's up there on the cliff, I must get it!"

And she turned to go.

"The Rossetti—our Rossetti—you were reading it, then?" Malcolm queried slyly, just the quiver of a smile on his lips.

Jessica turned a glance half indignation, half hesitancy, on him.

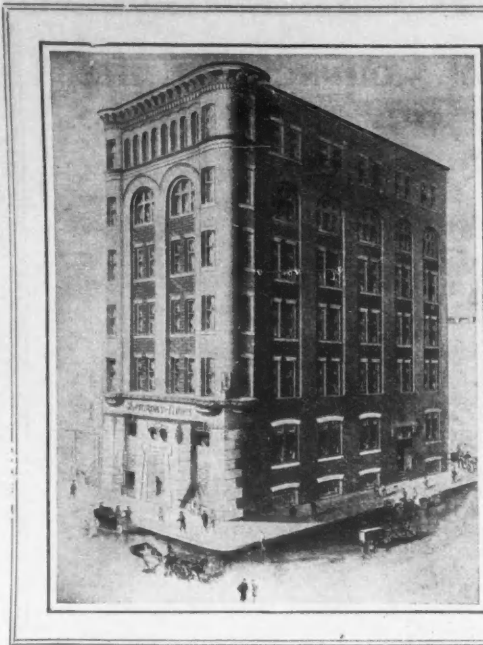
"Let me get it," he persisted, gazing steadily and seriously at her. "I haven't quite forgotten the place—yet!" Then, to the collie: "Come on, Rex! We'll have one more look at the Pines anyhow." And he started up the slope.

The girl's frown vanished.

"Clearing weather, all round, it seems to me!" she said with a glance at the sky, a little piquant look at him. "Come on, Boy—we'll all three go get it!...."

And with a quick smile she held out her hand to Malcolm.

Somebody has discovered that the reason why the price of butter is so high is that the automobiles have so frightened the farmers' wives and daughters that they will not bring the produce to market. But there were no automobiles on the roads during the past winter, and the price of butter still kept up. The man who blamed the automobiles is probably entitled to another guess.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.



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JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

RESIGNED.

THIS is a true story, and there are still men in Prince Edward County, Ont., who will recognize the dramatic personae.

Peter Vanderhyden lived in the Seventh town, (Ameliasburgh), just below "Buckwheat Hill." His wife was a notable *homo graue*, and the Methodist minister of Concession Circuit always liked to stop there on his rounds.

But Peter's wife, worn out by work, died. And when the presiding elder made his next visit Peter was a widower.

So the presiding elder commiserated in words like these:

"Ah, Brother Peter, I hear you have lost your wife."

"Yaas, I haf loost her. I think she is in hafpen by now."

"Was she resigned?" asked the elder.

"Mein Gott, Mr. B.——" replied Peter. "She hat to be."

AN INTERESTING CHARACTER GONE.

THE hundreds of tourists who visit the Parliament Buildings at Toronto during the summer season have had one source of pleasure cut off in the death of "Dennis," the venerable guide and major domo of the edifice. The surname of "Dennis," which was variously supposed to be Guinane or Keenan, was revealed in his death to have been Kanean, a Gaelic spelling of the same name, all spellings of which have a common root origin. He obviously came from some part of Ireland where English is almost a foreign language, and did not know his age or birthplace. His accent was one which the most extravagant Irish comedian could hardly exaggerate, and he would talk in the drollest manner about himself. "I came," he would remark, "from Ireland sixty years ago; I was a fine young lad then and luk at me now. My God I wish I'd stayed there!"

But it was the lecture that he gave to visitors that was most interesting. He would show the American tourist all the portraits in the mezzanine corridor, and never gave the depicted person any other title but "Misther," whether he were knight, statesman or major-general. Thus his discourse would run: "Here's Mr. Brock; he's dead! Here's Mr. Wolfe; he's dead! Here's Mr. Hardy; he's dead! Here's Mr. Mowat; he's dead! Here's Mr. Pardee; he's dead! Here's Mr. Fraser; he's dead! Them's the byes that made Canada!"

So exuberantly funny was his lecture as he got it off that he reaped many a fat tip.

REMINISCENCES SUGGESTED BY A WILL.

THE will of the late John A. Leitch, a prominent and much respected citizen of Brantford who died recently, disposed of an estate of about \$100,000, left mainly to his children and other relatives. There was one bequest, however, which possessed an interest for those acquainted with one side of the late Mr. Leitch's character, and that was a gift of money to a little church in Dunwich Township, Elgin County.

Travellers by highway through certain Western Ontario Townships, especially Ekfied and Lobo in Middlesex and Dunwich and Southwold in Elgin, will pass occasionally an unpretentious edifice upon which a modest stone tablet announces that it is a meeting place of the Church of the Particularly Covenanted Old School Baptists. The members and adherents of the sect are nearly all descendants of the sturdy Scotch pioneers who in the early years of the nineteenth century established themselves in the townships named, which were then mostly in a state of primeval nature. Though nearly all Presbyterians by faith, they found that there were few ministers of the kirk to serve them. Just at that time there came among them some brave missionaries of the Particularly Covenanted Old School Baptists, a minor sect which had its headquarters in New York State;

and the pioneers, eager for spiritual guidance in their new and lonely environment, and finding that the faith offered them was as sternly Calvinistic as the religion of John Knox, did not hesitate to ally themselves with it.

The Particularly Covenanted Baptists held and hold still to the doctrine of the elect, and for this reason they do not support foreign missions, believing as they do that if the Deity wishes the heathen to be saved this will be accomplished without human aid. So closely do they draw the line that not only must one be of the elect to be a member of the church, but a member must not be yolked with one of the unelect, upon penalty of forfeiture of church membership. A story is told of one of the elect who married out of the church. His name was taken from the rolls. After a time his wife died, and he resumed his place in the church. Again he took a partner and again he was excluded from membership. But when his second wife died he was received once more into the congregation of the Godly, and there he remained until he died in the odor of sanctity.

Stern and narrow as were the views of these early fathers in Israel, they showed themselves moulded of the same stuff as their ancestors, the Covenanters of Scotland. True, they had not to fear the persecutions of man, but for the sake of their religion they faced unflinchingly the hardships and discomforts which Nature imposed on them. In spring and fall each church held a special meeting, and it was esteemed the duty of the members of the other scattered churches to attend if humanly possible. The children's children of these sturdy pioneers tell to-day of toilsome and often dangerous all night journeys on foot, through the narrow forest paths—men, women and children covering distances of from ten to twenty-five miles for the purpose of being present at the special meetings.

To-day these occasions are red-letter days in the neighborhood of the various churches. From miles around come the prosperous farmers and their families, and for hundreds of yards on each side of the church the roadside is hidden by tethered horses and their attached vehicles. Visiting elders from the United States preach the word in a building crowded to suffocation. The annual offering is taken on plates which are piled high with greenbacks, with an occasional handful of silver to hold down the bills. There is, of course no organ, and the tune, started hesitantly by the preceptor, is gradually taken up by the congregation. After the service, the farmers of the vicinity hold open house, and offers of hospitality are pressed upon friends and strangers alike. The writer once saw a company of over fifty entertained at dinner in a farm house over two miles from the meeting place.

With the growth of the younger generation, and the spread of the modernistic spirit in religion, there is coming a gradual change in even the congregations of the Particularly Covenanted Old School Baptists. The sombre garb of the olden days has given place to the modish millinery of the farmers' wives and daughters. The present generation may even see the introduction of the "Kist o' Whistles," and the modification of the strict doctrine held so faithfully by the members of the sect.

The late Mr. Leitch was a successful man in his own sphere. He was long honored by his fellow-citizens with municipal offices, and he gathered together a modest fortune. But he never forgot the faith of his forefathers, and the simple, kindly spirit of church fellowship, and there were few spring or fall "big meetings" that he did not attend to renew old friendships and make new ones among the younger people. And in disposing of his worldly goods he did not forget the little church of his boyhood.

A CASE OF PREMONITION.

ONE of those curious cases of premonition which come to all men at times occurred to Mr. P. W. Ellis at Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, this week. Mr. Ellis is perhaps the most active of the Park Commissioners, and has had occasion many times to visit the Park this summer to see that the work laid out by the Commission was being vigorously pressed forward. For the convenience of the members of the Board, sleeping apartments exist in the administration building, which lies over by the spill house of the Ontario Power Company, and is a very beautiful piece of architecture. The back part of the edifice is a refectory, supervised by the Government, but absolutely separated from the administration quarters, which are entered from a private doorway on the outside.

Last Sunday night on retiring, Mr. Ellis somehow bethought himself of what might happen in case of fire, and asked the janitor if he had a key so that he might arouse anyone sleeping in that part of the building. "Well," said Mr. Ellis, taking his key off the ring, "you'd better take this until you get one made."

Mr. Ellis then retired with no thought that anything might happen. At five o'clock in the morning he was awakened by the janitor's shaking him and informed him that the building was on fire. He first thought it must be a rude practical joke, but soon assured himself that this was actually the case. The fire had started from the cooking range in the refectory and was easily put out by the prompt use of chemical extinguishers. The damage was so slight that it escaped publication, but Mr. Ellis' premonition had nevertheless borne fruit.

A STRAW HAT INCIDENT.

A DAPPER young man, wearing a nice grey suit and a new white straw hat, to which was attached a string, was walking down Yonge street one day recently. A sudden gust of wind caught the hat, lifting it from his head, and he was disgusted to see it rolling in the dust of the street. He gave chase, however, and after some minutes of dodging street cars, automobiles, carriages, carts and delivery wagons, he succeeded in catching up with it, himself breathless and panting. As he picked it up, and with his handkerchief flected the dust from its crown and brim, another man, equally "windied" came up and reached out his hand for the hat saying, with a most engaging smile: "Thanks for getting my hat. It really was awfully good of you to run after it like that."

The sprinter gave him a stony glare. "Well," said he, "you must think I'm a flat to run like that after anybody else's hat. This is my own hat."

"Pardon me," rejoined the other, "but you are mistaken. That is my hat. Yours is hanging down your back."

HE HAD NEVER BEEN IN CLOVER.

FROM the beginning of time—or at least since the first urban community was established—city dwellers have found much amusement in displays of ignorance of city ways and doings by people from rural sections. Sometimes, however, the laugh is on the other side, as was the case with a young Toronto man, who

was the other day telling a lady friend of the marriage of another woman of his acquaintance.

"Your friend," said the lady, "married a farmer, did she not?"

"Yes," answered the young man, "but she did very well. Her husband is a fine fellow, well educated, and a thoroughly up-to-date farmer. Why last year he had \$600 worth of rock salt off his farm."

The lady looked inquiring at him; and then she said: "You mean he used that much as a fertilizer?"

"No," said the young man, "he had that much off his own farm—grew it you know."

The lady, who is a native of a small town in Western Ontario, knew that rock salt does not grow on trees like apples, nor yet in the ground like turnips. Moreover, she also knew that there are no salt wells in the vicinity of the farm in question; so, after cudgeling her brains for a few seconds, she said: "I wonder if you mean alsike?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "that is it, I guess. I knew it sounded something like that."

TUBAL CAIN

A reader, who is an old friend and (so he says) old admirer of Saturday Night, writes to say that he has been searching for this fine and favorite piece of verse by Charles Mackay, in order to put it in his scrap-book. It has been found, and in the belief that many others will be glad to re-read it, it is here given.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave them gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain.
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

CANADA AT THE LONDON EXHIBITION

From "Canada," London.

THE magnificent pavilion erected by the Canadian Government at the Franco-British Exhibition, was opened to the public on Thursday, last week, and the interest with which the opening was awaited was made evident by the large number of visitors on the first day. The Dominion has done herself justice, both in the pavilion itself and the interior decorations, and the comments of the crowd must have given Colonel Hutchinson, the energetic and courteous superintendent, much gratification.

About £33,000 was spent—the bare cost of the Palace amounting to £18,000. The pavilion is a cruciform structure, 350 feet in length by 150 feet wide, and the handsome central dome which surmounts it, rising 130 feet from the ground, makes the building one of the most conspicuous objects in the exhibition. The interior display is thoroughly representative of the industry of the Dominion. As Canada desires, above all, settlers to cultivate her Western soil, "hard" wheat naturally dominates the exhibit—even the pictures on the walls being framed with wheat. In the centre stands a trophy, over 50 feet high, also of wheat, and this is the most striking object in the interior. It commands attention from every part and serves well its purpose to impress on the visitors the fact that "hard" wheat is the backbone of Canada's national prosperity. The upper portion constitutes a red hopper, on the top of which are placed bags labelled with the names of the various grades of wheat exported to this country. On four of the eight faces on the lower portion are illuminated paintings of the King, the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales respectively; these paintings are embowered in flowers. The remaining four faces are filled with jars and bottles containing specimens of Canadian cereals. Round the base are arranged inscriptions extolling the virtues of "hard" wheat. One reads, "Canada's hard wheat lands are of more value than all the coal lands in the British Isles and the Colonies combined." Another states that "the North Star of the British Empire is the hard wheat

lands of Canada. It is the star which has guided many a prairie schooner from the United States to a sure harbor of rest." "Take from Canada's northern land its frost and snow," runs a third, "and you will take hard wheat, the envy of the world, and the basis of Canada's future prosperity." Inscriptions of a like nature, dealing also with the forest, mineral, and fisheries wealth of the Dominion, are placed in numerous spots around the walls and on the pillars.

A map of Canada, with the various mineral districts, hangs at the north end of the pavilion. On the two sides are portraits of Lord Grey and Lord Strathcona, the latter being described as "Canada's Grand Old Man." At the south end of the hall is another map showing the railway systems of the Dominion. This map is flanked by portraits of the two "nation builders," Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The pictures covering the walls are illustrative of the agricultural, manufacturing and lumbering industry.

A popular and attractive feature to the general public, and one creating much interest and amusement is the colony of live beavers. Thirteen were shipped from Canada, but their number is now reduced to five. Fighting among themselves accounted for the death of five—the large beaver now kept apart from the rest by means of wire netting accounted for the other three. Another source of attraction is the models in butter. These models, standing in a cold-storage chamber, are made entirely from Canadian butter. One represents the landing of Cartier at Montreal in 1534, and his meeting with the Indian chief Dannacona, and is a realistic work of art in butter. The figures are almost life-size. Another depicts King Edward and President Fallières shaking hands, and a butter bust of the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Canadian Minister of Agriculture, is also on view.

The prominent part played by the cultivation of fruit in the industries of the Dominion is illustrated by a fine display of apples and by an array of jars containing preserved fruit. In the background a view of an orchard adds to the effect of the display. The importance of the fisheries can be gathered from the fish exhibit in the two tanks. These tanks are illuminated at night, and show the fresh water and sea types respectively. In one salmon swimming in a river are represented, and in the other sea cod. On either side of the tanks, and also opposite, stand a number of cases containing preserved specimens of the fishes of Canada. Piles of tins filled with canned salmon complete an interesting display.

The forest wealth of Canada is impressed on the visitor by the many samples of timber and the statistical information inscribed around the exhibit. Pulp-wood—a source of much future wealth to Canada—is illustrated by short logs cut from spruce, balsam, and poplar. A case, containing tobacco grown in the counties of Joliette and Montcalm, Quebec, in latitude 48, and in Essex county, Ontario, latitude 43, is worthy of attention, as is also an exhibit of home-made fabrics organized by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild.

A Motoring Monarch.

THE King of Italy, whose motor car upset a cart the other day, is an ardent automobilist, and has passed the stiff examination ordered by the Italian law for all who wish to drive their own cars. His Majesty knows as much about the mechanism of a motor as does the most experienced professional chauffeur, and he has frequently repaired a "breakdown" with his own hands.

The story of how King Victor Emmanuel came to like motoring is an interesting one, and is related by M.A.P. Not so very long ago he looked upon motor cars with the greatest aversion. "They are hideous," he used to say, "and very dangerous in the bargain." One day, however, while he was staying at his hunting-lodge, a wire came recalling him to Rome on important matters of State. There was no railway anywhere in the neighborhood, and there was not time to cover the distance on horseback. The King was almost in despair, when Prince Colonna came to his aid. The Prince had a motor car, and he offered to take the King to Rome in it. At first His Majesty wavered, but at last he gave in and entered the car with the Prince. The journey was accomplished in record time, and the King was so pleased that he immediately gave orders that a magnificent car should be built for himself. "Even yachting is too slow for me now," he says; and his collection of motors is one of the finest in the world.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, says The Canadian Gazette, has been letting the world into the secret of the way in which he recovered his health some five years ago when a complete breakdown seemed evident. The best medical experts of Canada, Great Britain and France gave him one common prescription: "No drugs, plenty of rest, and simple food." In other words, by leading the "simple life" the Canadian Prime Minister can now look forward to several more years of hard work.

THIS year even the urgent warnings of the Ladies' Home Journal failed to prevent another big casualty list as the result of the peculiar methods adhered to by Americans in celebrating the Fourth of July. Seventy-one people were killed and 2,624 wounded.



AT THE PORTAGE, LAKE OF BAYS.



LUMBERMEN "COMING OUT" OF THE WOODS, THEIR "TURKEYS" SLUNG OVER THEIR SHOULDERS.

OPENING A NEW SUMMER PLACE

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE OFFICIAL TRIP
TO NORWAY POINT, LAKE OF BAYS.



THE "HOT TAMALI."



A LINE-UP OF OFFICIALS.

FROM THE LEFT: MESSRS. J. D. McDONALD, G. T. BELL, T. P. PHELAN, H. F. CHAFFEE, C. O. SHAW. ON SECOND STEP: MESSRS. CY WARMAN AND H. R. CHARLTON.

MEETING an old summer holiday "college chum" at lunch the other day I remarked upon the recent opening of a new summer hotel in the Lake of Bays district and told him about the accessories to a little jaunt that had come the way of some newspapermen and a few other choice spirits within the past few days.

"Do you remember the day, four years ago," I asked him, "when, at high noon, under a blazing sun, we carried a canoe and enough board and lodging for two weeks over the portage into the Lake of Bays? Remember how that trail went up and up, with a little bend in the road at each 'up' to conceal the fact that it was not the last?"

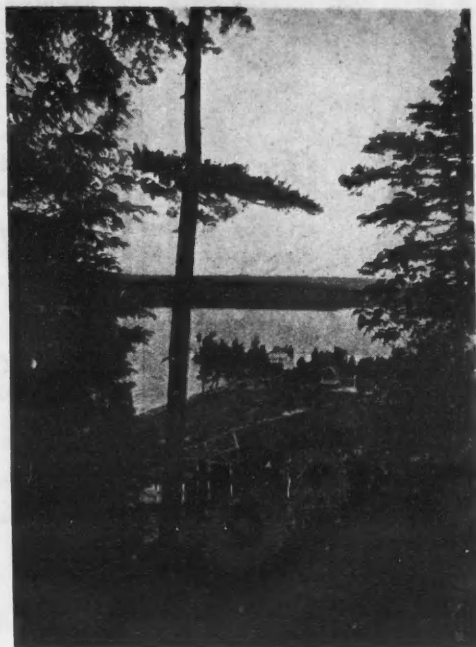


Remember the little toy engine we saw sitting at the side of the road watching the cows grazing on the green June grasses?"

Certainly he remembered all that. Sometimes, even now, he looks at the scar on the back of his heel where a tight shoe had inflicted the means whereby he was enabled to lose sight of all his other troubles of that time and which gave him a fluency of expression he never dreamed was in his power. Sure, he remembered it. Wasn't it the hottest day of that whole season?

Well, then, I told him, there is now a railway over that 110-foot hill, operated by that little engine and a twin brother of his; if the load is heavy they both work at it; if there is only enough for one the other fellow runs up the siding and fishes off the dock till the next boat comes in. You can step off the boat onto the train and off the train onto the boat again and land yourself at Norway Point—if that is where you are bound for—some other fellow looking after your luggage all the way. You don't have to carry any grub or blankets, for at the Wawa—

"Oh, yes. I know. Read all about it in the papers. Hundred and fifty guests. Hot and cold water and maybe a bath in every room. Every room an outside one; finished in natural wood. Beautiful large airy corridors and rotunda; spacious verandahs, balconies, rocking chairs, doors, windows—Great Scott! man, isn't that the



A GLIMPSE FROM THE CLIFF.

sort of thing you dodge when you go up to that country?" It was useless to remind him of the two days at the end of a trip when our grub consisted of oatmeal, raisins and salt (which, properly combined, made a very good cereal, pudding, or biscuit), and we were mighty glad to run across a settler's cabin; he refused to consider a bang-up hotel with a chef and clean white tablecloths—anything of a convenience.

"It's the realization of a fear that has possessed campers for long enough—the planting of pink shirt-waist verandahs all over that glorious landscape. None for me; I'll take the little tent and go in the back way," quoth this pessimist.

HOWEVER, my friend will one day have rheumatic knee joints from bending in his canoe, and a stomach that more or less politely refuses the quarter-inch bacon of yore; by that time he will be stouter and wealthier and more imposing in many ways, and he'll be glad enough to be fussed over at the big cottage roofed summer place on Norway Point. He will never lose his appreciation of those hills and skies and the wonderful air, nor his enthusiasm for the morning dip, the view from a height at noonday and the brilliant, peaceful evening that settles down over a man and his pipe in those regions.

In January last Mr. H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk, drove over the ice from Huntsville and picked out the site in the midst of a rousing snowstorm. Under the supervision of Mr. C. O. Shaw, president of the boat company up there, materials were taken over the ice and the building put well on its way by the time the frost had let go its grip. On Saturday last Mr. G. T. Bell, general passenger agent, Mr. J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Mr. T. P. Phelan, president of the Canada Railway News Company, owners of the hotel, and several other officials and interested ones, including Mr. George Gouinlock, the designer of the building, Dr. J. O. Orr, manager of Canada's Exhibition, and Mr. H. Foster Chaffee, of the R. & O., went up to the Lake of Bays and declared the resort open for the season's business. In the party were representatives of all the big papers, including several from the bordering cities of the United States. They went aboard during the evening and were tucked away in their little beds when the train pulled out from the Union at 2 a.m. About seven o'clock at Huntsville the transfer was made to the Algonquin. The weather was cloudy and dashes of rain fell from time to time, but nothing could spoil that scenery and the trip across Fairy Lake, through the winding narrow passage, where it seemed audacious in any captain to take so large a boat, and over Peninsular Lake, called forth many expressions of delight, especially from the men from over the line. At the Portage the party overran the Hot Tamali Railroad like ants, but those two little locomotives, like a team of prairie ponies, bucked to the load and yanked them across in short order. The railroad, which is only about a mile long, was the source of much fun, with its cuttings and curves and grades, all on a miniature plan.



Among the passengers who preferred to walk over the Portage for the exercise and the scenery was Mr. Frank Darling, of Toronto, the well-known architect, who was on a little excursion of his own.

Taking boat again at the other side the voyageurs were engrossed with the beauties of the Lake of Bays. The outlines of the far hills, the effects of the clouds across the masses of green and the unnumbered variations of color were topics for comment on all sides. There is something impressive about the rock of that country. It doesn't intrude, and yet you find it cropping up and scowling at your frivolities at every turn; something like the policeman who turns up at unexpected corners, to the annoyance of a group of small boys with a reputation for knowing the location of the best fruit trees and grape vines. But those fine old rocks should be a comfort to my friend with the grievance, for enterprising people are not likely to place summer hotels upon them, nor can civilization extract garden truck from them.

On the way down the lake the boat picked up W. S. Cockshutt, M.P., and Mrs. Cockshutt, of Brantford, from their pretty place, Glen Cove. They took luncheon at the Wawa, and returned on a later boat. Farther on Mr. Cockshutt pointed out the place near Point Ideal where that three foot salmon was caught a few days ago. There is said to be a 90 foot hole there packed tight with whoppers like this.

THE important event of the excursion was, of course, the banquet in the evening, presided over by the big chief, George T. Bell, who, with many a clever phrase and suggestion, kept the ball rolling until every occupant of a chair had stood upon his feet and delivered himself of what was uppermost in his mind. The story of the beaver-like work that had in so short a time completed so excellent a building was told by a half dozen men, each heaping praises upon the other for the cooperation that smoothed the way. As it was the Fourth of July the newspapermen from across the border came in for special attentions; they felt that they would be envied by their brothers at home, who spent the Fourth amidst the popping of firecrackers. Mr. Cy Warman, the poet and story writer, whose suggestion of the name Wawa (wild goose) for the new hotel was accepted, delighted the guests with a couple of his compositions, "Old Quebec" and "Little Wild Goose Come Home!"

The following morning, one of those brilliant days



with the fresh breezes and flying white clouds for which the country is famed, gave the visitors ample time to wander about the grounds, to explore the pine covered point, and to climb the wooded cliffs which rise behind the building whence a splendid view of the lake and the rolling hills may be had. Returning in the afternoon the steamer made a circuit of the lake, the experienced ones pointing out the interesting spots and fitting to them many an entertaining story.

It is hard to convince a pessimist friend that Norway Point will be a better place for the coming of the Wawa, that many more people will be able to go up there and enjoy the lakeland that he is so fond of. But I would like to see the effect upon him, when, after a couple of weeks' roughing it in the out-of-the-way places, he paddles his canoe round a point some fine clear evening and discovers the lights of the big place, and hears the music, and sees the summer clothes flitting about. It will be a picture anyway.

See Canada First.

J. S. BELL, writing in Westward Ho! of Vancouver, says: The man who writes about the material resources of a place has the advantage, for he can tell how many bushels of wheat he can raise to the acre, he can tell about the size, quality and variety of fruits, and how much per ton the gold and silver ores will produce; but no one can estimate the value of a mountain view, nor assay the amount of gold and silver in a Lillooet sunset. The artist has colors that can give some idea of the harlequin-hued rocks that defy the reproductive powers of the most skillful word-painter, but no one can behold the beauties of Lillooet, be he poet, painter, or the more prosaic man of business, without a desire to impart to others, less fortunate than himself, some of the pleasures he has

enjoyed in this home of the picturesque and the beautiful. History, tradition and fashion, have cast their spell over the hills of Switzerland, and the Alps have become the synonym for grandeur. Cast the glamor of romance over the snow-clad mountains of Lillooet; twine the tendrils of tradition around the brow of our highest peaks, and the variety and grandeur of our own home mountains must command the admiration of all who behold them, and enforce the concession that even though the scenery be British Columbian, it equals in all cases, and excels in many that of much-lauded Europe. It is too much the custom for our wealthy citizens to visit Europe, for the grand and the beautiful in nature, ignoring the fact that our own country contains scenery unexcelled in these respects by any other country in the world.

Lillooet has an altitude of 862 feet above sea level. The town is located in one of the most romantic spots in British Columbia. It is practically surrounded with mountains. The protection of mountains and highlands serves to control the snowfall and rainfall. In summer, proximity to the mountains gives refreshing breezes and cool evenings and nights. The air is dry, light and pure, and is so highly charged with ozone that every breath carries new life to the lungs. In the winter, because of the southward slope, the sun shines down on the sheltered town for hours, giving beautifully warm days.

The winter air has a bracing quality that puts fresh vigor into body and mind. For pulmonary patients the climate of Lillooet is without an equal in the province. The clear, dry air and absence of moisture makes as much difference between real and sensible cold, as in the summer between real and sensible warmth. A wilted collar is unknown in the warmest weather, and we never shiver in winter.

The water supply comes from the melting snows and everliving springs on the crest of our highest mountains, and is pure, clear and sparkling. The soil is a porous, gravelly loam, into which the water sinks with astounding rapidity. History has made Lillooet famous, and this lasting landmark which was the goal of the adventurous prospectors of '59, is destined to become the most famous health resort of British Columbia. The tourist in search of pleasure, no less than the health-seeker, will here find a most inviting resting place.

The "Cadi" of Marylebone.

MR. ALFRED CHICHELE PLOWDEN, the genial cadi of Marylebone, has not only passed his sixty-third birthday, but has just completed twenty years as a London magistrate; and during that time he has gained the reputation of being one of the greatest humorists of the day. Mr. Plowden's good nature, too, is proverbial, (says M.A.P.), and it says much for his equanimity that he is reputed to be the only man on the Bench who has been able to continue working for any length of time, without suffering from a nervous breakdown. The number of questions put to Mr. Plowden in the course of a single day would drive any ordinary mortal insane. "Every domestic trouble imaginable is brought to my notice," he remarked some time ago, "from clock crowing to the bursting of boilers." But he generally manages to give some sound advice to everyone, and there is usually a joke thrown in free of charge.

Mr. Plowden's wit is always of the kindest, and he never intentionally makes a jest calculated to wound anyone's feelings. With hooligans and hardened prisoners he does not joke, but he is by no means averse to a quip at the expense of a too vigilant policeman. Some time ago a man was brought before him charged with disorderly conduct. The constable said he had heard a noise in the dead of night, and, going round the corner, found the prisoner and another larking about and laughing. "Why should they not laugh?" asked Mr. Plowden. "It was long after midnight and in a respectable neighborhood, your worship," replied the policeman. "Can you alter the character of a neighborhood by laughing?" enquired Mr. Plowden. "Do you never laugh?" Are you a constable without a smile?" Then turning to the prisoner he said: "Laugh as long as you can in this world. You are discharged."

In his clever book, "Grain or Chaff," Mr. Plowden tells the following amusing story of his barrister days. He was engaged to defend a man for stealing a horse, and to his great disappointment the prisoner was arraigned at a moment when he (Mr. Plowden) was out of court. Unfortunately, the prisoner pleaded guilty, but later on Mr. Plowden asked the judge to allow the defendant to withdraw his plea, and after some hesitation he consented. The trial went on, and Mr. Plowden made a striking speech for the defence. The jury were evidently impressed, but when the judge summed up he did so as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is indicted for stealing a horse. He has pleaded guilty. Now his counsel says he is not guilty. Gentlemen, it is for you to say which you believe; only bear this in mind—if you have any doubt—that the prisoner was there and the learned counsel was not!" After that the verdict was one of "Guilty."

Canada is Coming Along.

AS will be seen by an article on another page, the New York Sun still likes to "josh" Canada occasionally. But no United States paper is more alive to the fact that we are coming along fast. The Sun says:

In its attitude towards Canada the United States is incurably indifferent to its own interests. In the contemplation of economic greatness of their own land, the people of this country lose sight of what is going on elsewhere. With short-sighted complacency they look at the array of figures representing the products of American fields and farms, and give little or no heed to the fact that the grain crops of the Canadian Northwest have increased from about 30,000,000 bushels in 1891 to 250,000,000 at the present time, with a certainty of quadrupling that output within a few years. New railway lines are being run through the grain country, opening new areas for settlement. New outlets are being made by which Canadian crops and Canadian beef and cattle can be sent to market through Canadian territory. The Hudson Bay route and the Georgian Bay Canal are now something more than mere dreams. It is probable that decision will soon be made whether the Welland Canal shall be deepened to a draught of 25 feet, or a new canal built around Niagara Falls. Canada is awake and is growing right lustily.

Among the Canadians invited to the last Royal Garden Party in London were Archbishop Sweatman, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dunsinuir, Colonel, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Prior, Bishop Carmichael, Mrs. and Miss Plummer, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Colby, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Graham, Mr. Justice Hanington, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Brenda Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beardsmore, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Iddington, Mr. and Mrs. Marpole, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Miss Francis Howard, Mr. Granville Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Duff-Miller and Mr. Harrison Watson.



DR. J. O. ORR.



MR. C. O. SHAW.



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MR. J. HANNA, MANAGER OF THE WAWA, AND MR. T. P. PHELAN.



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YACHT CRUISING IN EUROPE

By FRANK CARREL

At the conclusion of last week's article we left Mr. Carrel and party as they were approaching the shores of Portugal. In the present article we find them enjoying the sights of Lisbon.

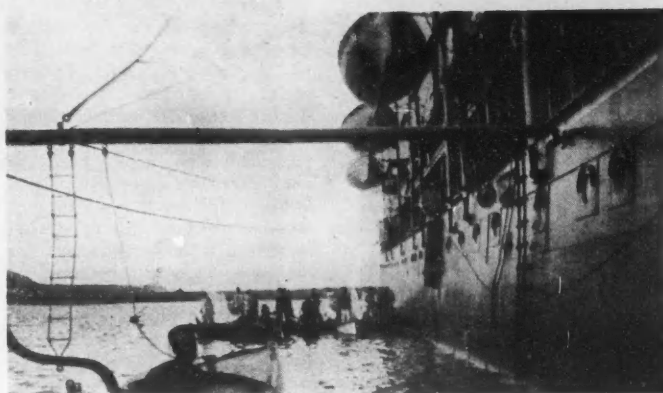
As we drew near Lisbon, the capital and chief city of Portugal, we passed several old and new fortifications and many ancient castles and monasteries topping the peaks of the Estrall range of mountains, which ran through this part of the Iberian peninsula. We passed a large number of native war vessels, very diminutive looking alongside our latest models, but otherwise presenting a clean and natty appearance; a great many foreign steam and sailing ships, and a great portion of the city, before we finally dropped anchor in what is known to be the largest harbor in the world—so large that it is able to contain all the navies of the nations at one time. It is quite possible to believe this, as the port very much resembles that of Quebec, and is, therefore, unlimited for the accommodation of anchored craft.

The Tagus is about two miles wide opposite the city, which is built upon gradually sloping hills rising several hundred feet above the sea level, with fine large buildings resting upon the crests of each hill, one of which is the King's palace, and another, that of his mother's residence, both very eminent architectural monuments.

Lisbon is also very Moorish in appearance and its white, brown and yellow buildings, with bright domes and square turrets and towers, were seen to advantage as the sun shone upon them with their variegated coloring, appearing as fresh and clean as if they had just been painted.

One of the reasons why Lisbon has won such prominence for its port is the fact that it has spent millions and millions of dollars in building docks, or quays, which run for miles and miles alongside of its river front, allowing hundreds of ships to moor and load or unload their cargoes without any congestion. Although we had our own steam launches we were notified that a harbor tender would act as ferry for the transportation of the passengers to and from shore during our stay, which was only to be twenty-four hours at first, but owing to the Bubonic Plague and a small revolution having broken out in Madeira, which was to be our next port of call, it was decided to make a longer stay at Lisbon. When the tender came alongside we found the seamen a very fair lot and commonly well dressed, showing one distinctive Spanish or Portuguese trait, in their constant consumption of cigarettes made of coarse, dark tobacco, dark brown in color. They all rolled and smoked them, even when it interfered with the work.

When we had got on board the tender and the order was given to "heave to," the captain, who was also pilot, was pressing some tobacco in a piece of rice paper, and until he got through, nothing was done. When



How the Bun Boats Gather Alongside the Steamer in Almost Every Port on the Portuguese Coast to Sell Their Wares.

he had finished the cigarette he coolly lit it, took hold of the helm and cried down a tube to the engineer, to "go forward," (in Portuguese of course). The engineer happened to be sitting alongside of me on the main deck at the time, and he, too, was rolling a cigarette, which he did not discontinue until he had licked the gum portion of the paper wet, and then he hurriedly disappeared down the companionway, into the engine room, and we were soon in motion, making for land.

After a rough sea passage we were all very glad to set foot on terra firma again, but the pleasure was enhanced in landing at Lisbon. This city is known as the most interesting in Europe, after Constantinople and Naples, and an old saying asserts itself here in the following: "He who has not seen Lisbon does not know what beauty is." It is divided into a Moorish and a European, or later-day district. The former is what was left of the town after the terrible earthquake, tidal wave, and fire which swept over it in 1755, the shock of which was heard, it is said, both in Scotland and in Asia Minor, many thousands of miles away in opposite directions. In this terrible visitation of nature, from thirty to forty thousand people perished, while the town suffered to the extent of over a million dollars. King Joseph was ruling at the time and he had a very intelligent and powerful first Minister in the Marquis of Pombal, whom he asked what was to be done.

The Marquis laconically replied: "Sire, bury the dead and take care of the living." The same Minister was responsible for reviving the city, and rebuilding that new and beautiful portion over the devastated ruins, confining the different trade occupations to special streets, the effect of which is to be seen to-day by the number of gold and silversmiths, clothing and shipping stores, which have their respective streets for doing business on.

The English, who control fifty per cent. of the shipping of the port, have largely assisted the Portuguese, notwithstanding that it was the port from whence sailed the invincible Spanish Armada. In 1147, when it was taken from the Moors, a large number of English Crusaders on their way to Palestine, lent a hand in its capture, and again, in 1808, England assisted in freeing it from France, when the king became frightened at Napoleon's threat to wipe out the whole city, and fled to Rio Janeiro, where he resided until 1820, while England governed the country in his absence.

WE arrived in Lisbon at four o'clock in the afternoon, and spent several hours in "pottering" around the town. There was no programme mapped out and everyone was permitted to follow his or her own inclinations. The first thing which struck me as being extremely incongruous in such a place, were three large signs of American Insurance Companies, which happened to be facing the open square near where we landed. They were all in English, notwithstanding that the population is nearly all Portuguese; and while French is spoken to a slight extent, we had much difficulty in making ourselves understood, or finding anybody whom we could understand, when speaking that language. However, we found a most obliging people, willing to go out of their way to do anything for us. We also found the weather delightfully pleasant, with the thermometer registering about sixty degrees, a temperature somewhat resembling that of our Canadian summer, although it was the middle of January. The street scenes were very picturesque. The men wore long open ulster coats, broad rimmed black felt hats, and, with their heavy long dark moustaches, looked the picture of the Western cowboy in town attire; but

these Portuguese characters were of the peasant class, evidently in the city selling their produce and making purchases.

To us it seemed strange to see them wearing such heavy coats, but we had to remember that this was Lisbon's winter season, and while we might be enjoying the weather, they probably found it a little chilly, and yet hundreds of women were going about barefooted, with large baskets of fish and vegetables on their heads. How they ever kept them balanced there was a wonder to me. These women are to be seen in every street—in fact wherever there is any manual transportation, such as the shifting of coal or building material, from the street into a building, or, to any distance, just like the coolies work in the West Indies. We saw mules and oxen of a size which would put their Canadian brethren to shame, and donkeys which were just the reverse, being very diminutive, with huge baskets by their sides, sometimes filled with produce and sometimes with the legs of a man or woman who sat astride on the back of the little animal with feet dangling in the empty paniers.

But there was an excellent tram service, which I learned afterwards was in the hands of English capitalists. The cars were very much up-to-date. Some hauled "trailers" and were all going at a rapid speed, the conductors being most obliging fellows. With a lady, I boarded one of these cars, which was crowded to its utmost, and for a moment or two we were on the verge of getting off, when the conductor came around, saw our slight embarrassment, and quickly made room for us on the rear platform, where two very polite Portuguese gentlemen immediately arose from their seats, doffed their hats, and offered them to us.

The cab service is another good feature of Lisbon. Whether it is conducted by a company or not I do not know, but there is no soliciting of fares. The cabmen sit on their boxes under covered-in stands, which I thought an excellent convenience for them, and wait there until summoned.

While there is a great deal of poverty to be seen on the streets, we were never once solicited by paupers, and only on one occasion did I see any sign of such a thing, and that was when we were taking carriages for an excursion through the town, when a few small boys opened and closed the doors of our vehicle, politely touching their caps in doing so, with so much simple modesty that one could not resist throwing them a few reiss, (Portuguese money worth about one-tenth of a Canadian cent). A policeman came up and ordered them off in a great outburst of anger, as if they had committed a crime. The policemen are probably the worst appearing lot of officers I have ever seen. They were fierce looking and wore the proverbial long coat, almost down to the ground, side arms and a revolver. There is no doubt they are handicapped for running, if they ever have an opportunity to indulge in this exercise.

While sauntering through the town we arrived at a very fine square facing the river, with government offices, such as the post office and telegraph, a handsome custom house and the marine arsenal (the scene of the recent assassination), flanking it on three sides and the Tagus on the fourth. We went into the post office and bought 4,000 reiss worth of stamps. I think this was the city where Mark Twain thought he was ruined when he received his hotel bill, which totalled up something like 20,000 reiss, but as it takes 10 reiss to make a cent, no surprise may be felt at the prevailing prices of things under the circumstances. The square I have referred to was in the shipping district in the old part of the town. The main street which

(Continued on Page 19.)

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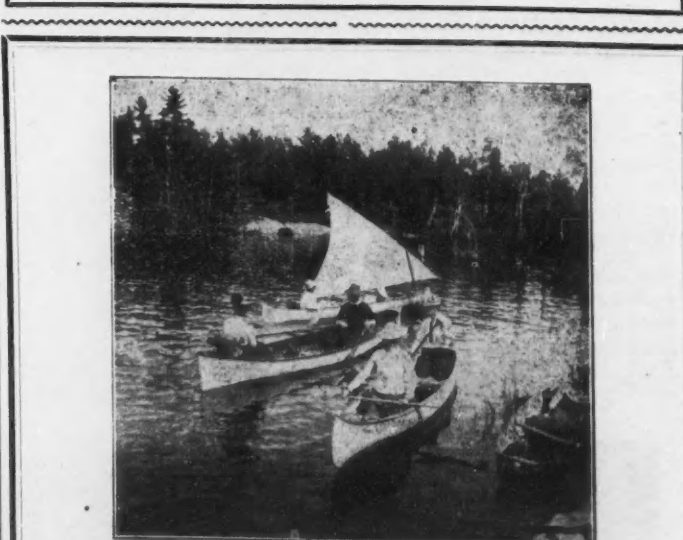
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But Canada is a manufacturing country as well. Many prominent motorists in Canada, who formerly used imported Automobile Tires have replaced them with "Canadian." These Tires are made by the Canadian Rubber Company of Montreal, Limited, and are sold by dealers and the various branches of the company from Halifax to Victoria. Toronto branch, Front and Yonge Street, Telephone Main 207.

The new Canadian law which will bar American vessels from the Canadian coasting trade on the Pacific follows the same policy as our own laws, so we cannot complain. It would be more sensible, however, to establish reciprocity in such matters as this.—Buffalo Express.

"Are you putting by something for a rainy day?" asked a mission-woman of an East-End. "Not me!" was the rejoinder. "I'm saving up for a holiday hat."—Glasgow Herald.

The Essence of Summer

Human Nature Responds Surely, Unconsciously, to Earth's Summer Mood.

WE know it is summer. Nature leaves no uncertainty in the minds of those who gaze upon her in this, her season of maturity. Rosy clouds of peach bloom which rested upon the hills in the early morning of the year have dissolved and green groves fringe the sky line in their stead. Encircling dogwood trees and wild alder have unwound their white veils from the face of the forest, and all its mysteries of flower and leaf are revealed. Violets have slipped within green sheaths and the snow of daisies powders the land.

Trees have changed their lacelike canopies of yellow and bronze and pink to fretted domes of emerald, through which the sunshine filters upon arboreal pictures on the grass. The scent of roses is in the air; the sound of the sea and the wind in the forest sing in the ears. There is an echo of laughter in the brook that sparkles over its stony bed; there are dimples made by some wandering breeze in the long meadow grass. A wood thrush flutes early to feathered songsters of the grove in a call that is thrilling, sweet and clear, and is the voice of summer. The drowsy hum of insects greets to waning summer, but sweet bird choristers fill the world with melody now.

The human responds to this reveille of summer as unconsciously as does the robin to the thrush. All who may forsake their allegiance to Midas and fare ahead to woo Persephone. She is a friendly goddess, ready with smiles and tender songs and chaplets of flowers for all who follow in her footsteps.

Children found her first. They discovered, weeks ago, the imprint of her light foot in the trail of pale anemones—"wind flowers" of the wood; in the blue eyes of hepaticas, which looked a promise of violets to follow. Human blossoms of the spring know a mystic bond between them and all that is young and fair, and child life in the woods and child life of the street commune in a language dear to and understood by both. You may read the translation of the song of the brook in the eyes of the child who harkens to it. Under the trees children gather in joyous groups to play, as the sunshine plays among them, in sheer joy of being. In the meadows young lambs of the fold, on unsteady legs, and lambs of the human household gaze bright eyed and wondering upon one another.

The city seems to empty its population in the parks. The grass is powdered over with romping little ones and grown-ups seeking shade and cool breezes away from the heated streets.

The call of summer is borne along running waters, and immediately the river is fringed with boats. Some sway on the tide. Others are upon shore. About these men of all professions gather, their whole self centred upon the application of paint to their craft. Summer does not more industriously paint the landscape than do these men color their boats. Artists are there, expending more energy upon swathing green lead upon the sides of a sailboat than ever they do upon an exhibition canvas. Lawyers forget briefs while rigging up a sail. Merchants are oblivious to the tides of trade while they cank and varnish their canoes. The man who plans a palace and the man who carries hods for it work side by side with equal enthusiasm and entire good fellowship at fitting out a rowboat, putting in oarlocks and otherwise making it ready for use. Sympathy lifts all ranks to sunny elevations.

The waterfront is redolent of tar, paint and turpentine, the nautical man's ideal fragrance of summer.

The man who is a fisher of men in the pulpit is actively giving as deep an attention to the weight of his rod and length of his fishing line as ever he does to the sermon with which he baits for souls on a Sunday.

Bathhouses are wearing an air of bustling activity and fresh paint. Neighboring beaches are thronged with joyous families teaching their little ones to dive beneath oncoming waves and helping them to build forts in the warm sand. A salt stinging in the breeze that inspires tenement house dweller and hotel habitué alike with something of the snap and vigor of that wild, free life of the ocean.

Early fishermen on river wharfs loom out as fogs drift away, like a fringe of dangling legs along the water's edge. Waves rock enticingly and career in with gay invita-



A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.
"Egg-spoons, Annie! Egg-spoons! When you lay eggs, always lay spoons too!"—Punch.

tion to sport. Little houseboats rise and fall on swells made by passing steamers and bow first to one side and then to the other in a manner that deters the individual prone to seasickness from indulging in that form of summer house as being too upsetting to his digestion. Were other considerations satisfactory there remains the prospect that he might at any time see his whole dinner slide from stove to floor, and while an outer rail would effectively prevent him from slipping overboard it is not constructed to have any such deterrent influence upon the dinner.

The man who wants to be certain that he is having fun on the water and to assure others of the fact skips noisily over the waves in his tiny launch, for all the world like a booming beetle on its zigzagging way, his ears delighted by the chug! chug! chug! of his motor engine and his nostrils by the odor of gasoline.

We know it is summer because the landscape is dotted with dandelions and lovers—the one as irrepressible as the other. The bachelor, lacking a radiator to bask by, takes to basking in the glow of smiling eyes and stimulating sunshine. He shows too, a decided tendency to bask in moonlight when some airy creature in white frills and blue ribbons sits beside him and pretends to be absorbed by her contemplation of the man in the moon to such an extent as to be oblivious of the whereabouts of the arm of a man who does not need speculation on her part in regard to the shape of his features.

Nature turns to the making of a love story in these bright days of summer. Birds began the chapter with song and flash of wing; they selected a sheltered spot and wove their romances in wisps of straw and downy feathers and taught the world that love moves to music and that industry is set to song.

In groves fragrant with the breath of summer youth takes up the story, and were the maid who weaves her future as she weaves the slender thread being fashioned into some fair fabric to look up from her task she could read it in the eyes of the man who gazes upon her, hoping for some answering glance. Perhaps she would have the beauty and fragrance of her fate blossom slowly as a summer rose, for this sweetest of all roses is not one of quick unfolding.

On the hills wheat lifts a thousand lances to carry those of the sun. Fields blue with oats shimmer like waves of the sea as the wind sweeps down and the serried grain bows before it.

Orchard peaches turn crimsoning cheeks to the sun and meditate on creams that will remove the down from their rosy skins. Within the gardens vegetables preen themselves, primly examining one another and critical of the innumerable shades of green worn by their different neighbors.

Palid toddlers from the city follow at grandfather's heels and hunger for the watermelons, swelling with importance at the thought of the fateful influence which they possess over infant life.

Grandfather remarks that the lettuce has headed well. He is back in his salad season again, with child voices ringing tunelessly around him and green herbs shaping themselves into all manner of succulent forms under his ministering fingers. He knows that his son is luring trout in the brook at the foot of the hill, where he lured trout before that son was born; the fragrance of forest and field is waited to him from afar; the song of a meadowlark comes to him with the scent of roses, and he sighs in that content which is the essence of summer.—M. W. Mount in the New York Tribune.

Predigested Fun

OF course, boys are not the same as they were—well, no matter how many years ago. Will anyone maintain that the dessicated, predigested fun of a "boughten" sled can

equal the delicious joy of taking belly-bumpers on your own home-made flyer. The runners and top were cut off a "store box," the half-round iron exchanged by the blacksmith for your long-boarded pennies, and the holes drilled in the metal after it had been heated red hot in the kitchen stove. Can the predigested fun of a store toy gun compare with the delightful hours of the "compy," marching with the mimic weapon you made out of a block of walnut wood and three feet of gas pipe? What is a two-dollar boat worth, anyhow, when a fellow thinks of the laborious joy of hacking his own rakish craft out of a beam end, fitting it with sails made from mother's worn-out apron, and keel-fishing it with a strip of lead from a neighbor's roof!

Just call up the images of all the precious things we boys used to make and see if the newest, shiniest, costliest thing that ever came out of a toy-shop will not—row—hang its head in shame when confronted with the homely, home-made article. Shiny stick from a twisted gnarly root in the old grove; "piggy" and bat both cut from the same broom handle; injun knife fashioned from a rusty barrel-hoop set in an oaken grip; baseball made from our own savings of yarn and elastic and covered with leather from the blacksmith's old apron (he wondered where it got to); cat-her's glove, father's worn-out Sunday dog-skin, fresh stuffed with tender grass every day for the game—and a hundred other boy-made playthings—who would sell them for thrice their number in store stuff?

To be sure, now and then a present brought home from the city would make our eyes dance and our hearts thump, but all the same, the whole cherished collection of fishin' rod, and hickory bat, and wooden sword, and water-wheels, and windmills and bows and arrows—and—why, of course they were better than—shucks, the boys of to-day are mollycoddled too much by predigested fun!

I did see a boy the other day who was snooting his own hooks, and punching holes in an old kettle to make a bait can, and making a hickory tip for his rod, but—well, I guess boys aren't the same as they used to be years ago!—J. B. E., in Lippincott's Magazine.

Discontent.
O H, all my pleasant, peaceful joys
Are now replaced by woes,
I cannot love the daffodil
Since I have smelled the rose.

Where once perfection I beheld,
Alas, defects I mark;
I cannot love the bobolink
Since I have heard the lark.

I was contented all the day,
But now I ever pine;
I cannot love the draught of milk
Since I have tasted wine.

No more I'd hide in Arcady,
I weary of the scene;
I cannot love the shepherdess
Since I have seen the queen.

—Life.

A Spanish man-of-war has visited Cuba and saluted the Cuban republic. The incident is regarded as noteworthy and in fact marks an historic occasion. It is a happy close to a long struggle for freedom, the consummation of which was witnessed by the present generation. Spain is stronger without her troublesome colony and Cuba is working out her own destiny in a manner peculiar to the Spanish-American republics of the south.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

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IN THE LAST WEST
AND BLAZING NEW PATHS IN THE LITTLE KNOWN
REGIONS OF CANADA

MR. JOHN C. EATON, of Toronto, who has just made a tour of the West, staying over in Calgary several days to attend the Dominion Fair there, said, on being interviewed in Winnipeg the other day: "This is the grandest country in the world. I cannot find appropriate words to express what I think of it and the great future that I believe is before it. I must say I was very much surprised at the excellence of the fair. It does the town and the surrounding country great credit. I was standing in front of the Vernon, B. C. exhibition district building the other day, and was almost amazed at the beautiful display of fruits and flowers. There was something in every exhibit that had special interest for me. I am greatly pleased with my trip through the West, the first one after an interval of twelve years, and it has been a great revelation to me."

A DESPATCH from Ottawa, dated July 2, says: Harry Landahl, vice-president of the Dawson city board of trade, waited on Sir Wilfrid Laurier this afternoon and presented him with an invitation from the Arctic Brotherhood to attend the Alaska-Yukon Pacific exposition at Seattle in 1909. The formal invitation is done on caribou skin at great cost. A similar invitation will be presented to Earl Grey the governor-general of the Dominion, and President Roosevelt. Sir Wilfrid told Mr. Landahl that he had never been in Seattle and would like to go. He did not give any definite promise, however.

SAYS Canadian Life and Resources, Montreal, a journal which, following SATURDAY NIGHT'S example, now contains a department devoted to Western affairs: The way that farmers throughout the West have met their obligations just after a poor harvest has shown clearly that during the past few years an accumulation of wealth has taken place in the agricultural districts. Farmers of ten years ago who struggled for an existence are now well off and carry a good margin of cash to their credit in the banks, and at the same time they have investments which pay them handsomely. This is not altogether the result of a rise in value of farm lands or because of their frugal living and shrewd trading. Their wealth has been produced from their farms by hard work no doubt, but nevertheless the land is responsive to the diligent hand of the husbandman. Along some of the older branch railways there are many districts where the settlers are well off, and it is quite a mistake to assume that there are no deposits in the many branch banks.

THE FORESTRY at Indian Head, Sask., says the Manitoba Free Press, under the capable management of Norman M. Ross, assistant superintendent of forestry, is yearly extending in its sphere of usefulness and is becoming an important factor in the country's progression and settlement.

It is established on elevated ground some distance from the town, and boasts of a number of substantial buildings in brick. Pansies, crocuses, and other spring flowers in neat plots, ornament either side of the main drive, and to the rear arboricultural plantations stretch out far and wide, in lines of seedlings and saplings.

Almost the entire southern and more settled portion of Saskatchewan is treeless, and the desirability of timbering this vast area of bare prairie is unquestioned. Four years ago the Federal Government took action in this direction when they established the forestry at Indian Head. Settlers and particularly immigrants from the timbered countries of Northern and Western Europe need no convincing as to the usefulness of timber, not merely as fuel but because it preserves and retains the moisture in the soil by breaking the force of the hot winds in summer, thus retarding evaporation.

Since the formation of the forestry the demand for young trees has been quite numerous, and this year the Government has thought well to appoint a permanent staff of inspectors, whose principal duty will be to inspect the lands in respect of which application for trees has been made, map out the ground to be planted,

instruct the owner how to prepare the land and to give all practical information as to the best method of propagating, planting and managing hardy trees for shelter belts, windbreaks and plantations.

The extent of the work carried on by this indefatigable order of foresters may be judged from the plain statistics. Last year there were distributed from this centre no less than two millions of ash, elm, maple and cottonwood. Much of this went to form the nucleus of farmers' woodlots. In each instance, the officials hold, 3 to 5 acres should be devoted to the raising of trees for fuel, windbreaks and guards, and the general beautifying of the farm. The beginner will do well to start with maple and poplar, not only on account of their hardiness, but for their rapidity of growth. Prairie planting done through this branch has on the whole met with very encouraging success, eighty-five per cent. of the trees sent out having grown. There were 68,900 Scotch pines of two varieties raised from seed at Indian Head within the last couple of years. Both kinds have made excellent growth. Several varieties of shrubs are also grown, although particular attention is directed to the cultivation of trees. A new line of work has been entered on at the forestry this year. The sunflower has received considerable attention of late and as this plant makes an excellent fuel it is thought if it were more widely grown it might be the means of averting a fuel famine such as existed a couple of years ago. Inspections have recently been carried out in the district between Pense and Moose Jaw, North Portal, Saskatoon and Gainsboro, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, Macleod and Calgary, with the view to planting the sunflower. The plant is of rapid growth and has a stalk from 21 to 3 inches in circumference. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have a sunflower plantation of forty acres north of Maple Creek station, and have made arrangements for the planting of another large tract between Moose Jaw and the city of Calgary.

Indian Head is expected to be made the headquarters for the province this year and all applications for trees will be directly dealt with from there. At present applications together with maps of the ground to be laid out have to go through the department at Ottawa. This change will undoubtedly facilitate the work and the output should increase in consequence. Farmers' applications—for towns are not supplied—must be sent in before March 1, and if they consent to do so the department advise, a free grant is made in the following year, and the trees delivered to the nearest station without charge to the recipient. The regulations demand attention to the trees for three or four years, and require the owner to plant them with his own labor. This scheme has been widely taken advantage of, the number of farmers complying with its conditions being about two thousand. The grant of saplings vary as a rule from ten to twenty thousand per applicant. Evergreens, though extensively planted in the grounds, do not enter into this arrangement, the foresters not having seen fit to export any kinds except those named, but it is certain that other hardy varieties can be made use of.

THE western crop report of the Canadian Northern, up to July 2, shows grains of all kinds doing well. Prospects for a banner year were never better. The weather at the present time all over Alberta is all that could be desired. The recent cool weather has done much to bring on the hay crop; to such an extent that the present outlook is for the heaviest reaping in years.

FIFTEEN thousand apple trees were recently in blossom in Red Deer, Alta., in an orchard owned by Mr. Sharpe, a fruit grower from the East. As the trees are comparatively young, however, it is not probable that they will bear much of a crop this year. Mr. Sharpe has for the past two years been engaged in an effort to produce a variety of apple that will weather successfully the climate of Alberta, and he has almost succeeded in his enterprise. His big orchard is planted with trees of the "Wealthy" variety, and Mr. Sharpe is confident that this variety will grow success-

fully in Red Deer. The trees have survived the winter well. Provincial Officer Rudd, who visited the orchard recently, said it was a revelation to him to see the trees in blossom. He says that Mr. Sharpe has refused to sell any of his trees until he has perfected the growth of the apple in this climate.

A Juvenile Meditation from the Country.

SINS we left town pa's havin dandy rest
Bob don't clime up the buttins of his vest
Jim don't make him get on his nees till laim
Tu be his buckin bronko, wild, untam,
Now he can sleep quite peesful with-outt feers
Caws Fred aint hoam to drop beens in his cars
An Baby she cant stais his 4hed in
As innoesent sheed do with rollin-pin
An he dont hafter lug up coal an wood—
Our being in the kuntry duz paw good.

He duzzent hafter get up in the nite
Jest as he's settled in his bed awl rite
To get Marie an Ethel etch a dwink
Or tuck the blankets round Estelle an Pink
He duzzent hafter go in raymint thin
Down to the kit-chin dore to let puss in
An Maw dont maik him get up enny-more
Jest as he like a bugle starts to snore
To see if awl the windows she did lock
Or maybe jest to wind the bedroom clock.

Paw duzzent hafter to do a thing but rest
I gess he must have curridge in his brest
To stay in our big city hows alone
(Its a big plaiz thats bilt awl of brown stone)
An wile we do not bother him no more
I gess at times his hart feels orful sore
Caws he don't heer our prattle in his eers
An wot he thort was bother now appeers
To be the pleasure of his life an then
He longs to hav us awl back hoam agen.

—F. P. Pitzer, in Harper's Weekly.

WHEN Lord Randolph Churchill chose to discard manners he was entirely successful in the effort. Sir Algernon West, in the book of reminiscences which he has lately published, says that Lord Randolph "did not bear fools gladly and was hardly capable of being even civil to people who bored him." On one occasion he went in to a formal luncheon, where the places were arranged. He looked to the right of him and he looked to the left of him—he gathered up his plate and napkin and knife and fork and sat himself down at the other end of the table. This reminds me of a story of a very distinguished statesman, Lord John Russell, who took the Duchess of Inverness in to dinner. When he got to his place he looked behind him and walked round to the other side of the table, and sat down next to the Duchess of St. Albans. Lady John said to him afterwards:

"What on earth made you leave the Duchess of Inverness and go across to the Duchess of St. Albans?"

"Well," he replied, "I should have been sick if I had sat where I was put, with my back to the fire."

"But I hope," said his wife, "you explained it to the Duchess of Inverness."

"No, I didn't," he said, "but I did to the Duchess of St. Albans!"

THE incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation.

"Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Iss, surr," was the smiling reply.

"E was a 'Merican gen'ral."

"Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, sur, 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth."

The rest was silence.

"Now, don't deny it, Rose. You wore my shoes?" "Only once—my feet hurt me so, and I wanted something comfortable."—Meggensdorfer Blatter.

What is a Bounder?

By JAMES DOUGLAS

I HAVE never seen a really satisfactory definition of a bounder. We all think we know a bounder when we see him, but although the bounder may be a bounder to us he is not a bounder to everybody else. He is certainly not a bounder to his wife. What, then, is a bounder? A bounder is a man who bounds. There are no feminine bounders, for the vice of bounding is a masculine one. Have you ever heard of a boundress? Women do not bound. A woman once asked me to tell her where she could get a book called, "Grace Abounding." She thought it was by a beauty doctor. It is not easy to explain why women do not bound. All we know is that they are unable to bound just as they are unable to smoke a pipe. Bounding is a kind of masculine exuberance, a rowdy cheerfulness, an offensive jocularity, a vulgar geniality, a coarse kind of high spirits.

The bounder is invariably a man who is suffering from excessive vitality. His blood pressure is horribly high. He is disgustingly satisfied with himself, and he boils over with brutish prosperity. A bounder glories in his bloated obesity. There are hardly any lean bounders. In order to bound well you must be fat. I do not mean that all fat men are bounders but I do say that nearly all bounders are fat. The basis of bounding is self-satisfaction, and the most solid kind of self-satisfaction is that which is built up on gluttony; you must be an efficient glutton; that is to say you must have a powerful digestion. You must be able to transmute meat and drink into physical optimism. You must be able to crush the soul with the body and the spirit with the flesh. The gastric juices are the source of bounding happiness. I am sure Hamlet suffered from acute dyspepsia.

The bounder is thick-skinned. He never sees himself as others see him. He gives himself away without knowing it. He never dreams that everybody in the room is laughing at him, for his unconsciousness of ridicule is absolute. You can pull his leg out of the socket without his feeling a twinge. He is impervious to sarcasm and invulnerable against insult. You cannot snub a bounder, for a bounder is unshuggable. That is why bounders live long. They are free from the little social aches and pains that shorten life. You cannot wound a bounder in any vital spot. If you attempt to wound him you succeed only in wounding yourself, because you feel it is ignoble to resent his ignobility and vulgar to castigate his vulgarity. At the same time, the bounding of the bounder makes you miserable. It jars on your nerves and irritates your sense of proportion. You strive to see the humorous aspect of the bounder, but it is hard to maintain towards him a placidly tolerant point of view. After a while, the strain becomes too great, and you long to murder the bounder, for sudden death is the only radical cure for bounding.

The bounder is fond of talking about himself in a loud voice. I think all bounders have loud voices. The voice is a key to character. It reveals the hidden secrets of the soul. The voice of a bounder is loud because the bounder overdoes everything. He is bursting with superfluous energy. He is always blowing off steam. He cannot control his super-abundant vigor, and he lets it loose in his talk. I am afraid of men with loud voices, and a loud-voiced bounder terrifies me. While he is roaring I sit in a corner shuddering. The bounder uses his voice to crush conversation. He is fond of telling stupid stories, mostly chestnuts, of which he is the central figure. The nerve of the bounder is amazing. His impudence is consummate. Colossal audacity is needed to tell an anecdote which everybody knows, and to describe it as personal experience. But the bounder trades upon the politeness of the polite and the courtesy of the courteous. Just as you must set a thief to catch a thief, so you must employ a bounder to abash a bounder. A battle between bounders is very amusing, for altogether a bounder does not know that he is a bounder, he instantly recognizes a brother bounder. It is delightful to sympathize with a bounder who ventilates a grievance against another bounder, for it fills you with a sense of double superiority. When you perceive the defects of others it is easy to bear your own.

The bounder is never happy unless he is attracting attention to himself. Not only does he overeat and over-



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drink and oversmoke, but he also overdresses. A bounder is known by his waistcoats, which are as loud as his voice. The bounder is a human boarding covered with clothes which are advertisements. His diamonds are electric sky signs. In evening dress his central stud is a searchlight. The most awful trait of the bounder is his familiarity. He treats an acquaintance as if he were a friend. He thumps you on the back and calls you by your surname after he has known you ten minutes. I do not know how the bounder treats his friends, for I have never known a bounder who had any friends. To do him justice, he does not appear to pine after friendship. He is self-sufficient. He goes through life shaking himself by the hand and uttering shouts of self-approval. He is never lonely or despondent or down-hearted. He never commits suicide. He is often a self-made man, and even when he is a bankrupt he is blatantly happy. His attitude towards women is jovially proprietorial. He treats her with a kind of breezy tolerance, as if she were an amiable freak of the Creator. He assumes that she accepts him at his own valuation, and he graciously allows her to bask in the sunshine of his badinage. His tone towards her is an expansive facetiousness. If she be young and pretty he overwhelms her with the largesse of his admiration and the bounty of his compliments. I am afraid the bounder is more popular with women than he is with men, for women are adepts in social condescension. That is why the wealthy bounder is seldom a social derelict. Women have more charity than men, and they make allowances for the bounder. They see his good points, and they forgive his faults of taste and defects of breeding. Perhaps they are right; for, after all, the bounder is a human being who is often a good-natured nuisance. At any rate, he increases the public stock of harmless pleasure.—From London M. A. P.

ON leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, a certain Anglican clergyman saw a little boy, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was he saying to you, Dick?" asked the divine, as he came up to the youngster.

"He just wanted to know whether Dr. Blank was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?" "I told him," responded the lad, with dignity, "that you were the present encumbrance."

"What do you think of local option now?" asked the visitor. "It's a good thing," said Colonel Stillwell, "but it's depressing. I tell you, sir, it's an awful thing for a man of my years and experience to be compelled to take ice-cream soda water seriously."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Newlywed—I want to buy a steak. Lumberman—Hickory, oak or ash? Mrs. Newlywed—Porterhouse. Lumberman—You'll find that in the butcher shop. This is a lumber yard.—Judge.

Mr. Volgarheim (after the ball)—See, Josephine, a spoon; one of our guests must have had a hole in his pocket.—Meggensdorfer Blatter.

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"Is the standard for purity."

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-west Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for homestead entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

An application for cancellation must be made in person. The applicant must be eligible for homestead entry.

DUTIES: 1. At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

2. A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on a farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

3. If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

4. The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST MINING REGULATIONS.

COAL: Coal mining rights may be leased for twenty-one years at an annual rental of \$1.00 an acre. Not more than 2,560 acres can be leased to one applicant. Royalty, five cents per ton.

QUARTZ: A person eighteen years of age and over, having made a discovery, may locate a claim 1,500 feet by 1,500 feet. Fee, \$5.00. At least \$100.00 must be expended on the claim each year, or be paid to the Mining Recorder. When \$500.00 has been expended or paid and other requirements complied with the claim may be purchased at \$1.00 an acre.

PLACER MINING CLAIMS generally, 100 feet square. Entry fee, \$5.00. DREDGING: Two leases of one mile each of a river may be issued to one applicant for a term of 20 years. Rental, \$10.00 a mile per annum. Royalty, 2 1-2 per cent. after the output exceeds \$10,000.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy to the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.: Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

"Mrs. Jenks, if you were a kind lady with five cents she didn't need, an' I was a little boy that didn't know any better an' asked her for it, do you think she could maybe afford to lend it to him if I promised her faithfully that he'd pay you back?" —Exchange.

"Nature makes nothing in vain," said the philosopher. "Perhaps," answered Colonel Stillwell, "though I can't quite explain the presence of a great big beautiful mint bed in a local option county."—Washington Star.

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said the lady to little Alice. "Well," said Alice, between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."—The United Presbyterian.

A voice crying in the wilderness—Central's—Life.

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AN interesting census of last season's Mendelssohn Choir presents some very instructive facts. Of the entire membership of 237 voices, 79, or almost exactly one-third of the whole were born in the city of Toronto. One hundred and one, or nearly forty-three per cent., were born in the province of Ontario outside of Toronto. Seventy-five per cent. of the chorus were born in Ontario, including both those of the city of Toronto and outside points. Eight were born in other parts of Canada, making a total for the Dominion of 188, or nearly eighty per cent. of the whole. Forty-three were born in the British Isles, two in Germany, two in the United States and one each in the British West Indies, Newfoundland and British India. Perhaps the most surprising detail in connection with these figures is the comparatively small number of the members of the chorus who were born in the city of Toronto.—Musical Canada.

Caruso has appeared in a new role in Paris, says the London Daily Telegraph. Instead of being "interviewed," he has interviewed himself in the columns of the *Matin*. The result is an amusing contribution from the pen of a ready writer. "I thought for an instant, per Baccho, that I would sing this article in the hall of the *Matin*. It seems that I have a strong voice, and it would have carried far, but, on reflection, it occurs to me that it will carry still further if I write the article. And thus Caruso, who has sung so often with a feather in his hat, will sing this time with a goose quill in his hand."

It is in this way that he opens his article, and then, proceeding to talk about himself as one who knew, as people said, "how to touch the heart" through the ears," continues: "Until to-day I did not believe in the lessons of history. Henceforth I shall be a little more respectful in my faith. I was told, and I denied it, that one of my ancestors was a Roman Emperor, named Carus, in 282, who had spread terror in Persia and elsewhere, and died magnificently, struck by the fire of heaven. I have already just missed perishing at San Francisco during the earthquake, and, perhaps, if one looks more closely at the medals of Carus which Heckel has collected in his 'Doctrina mummorum veterum,' I shall finish by finding a resemblance to my illustrious ancestor."

Caruso admits himself to be the victim of nervousness. When the German Emperor paid him a compliment his emotion was so great that he lost his voice—words of thanks would not come. And after San Francisco he believed that his voice had gone forever. Some weeks later, when he dared sing in London, it was a "finer diamond" than ever. For, as he says:

"There is only one trouble that I adore: it is that which waylays me on the stage. I am seized with nervousness, and the anguish alone makes my voice what it is. There is no personal merit in it. This fever betrays itself to the public by the mysterious effects which move it, but let it be known that Caruso on the boards is not responsible for the pleasure he may give to others, and that everything is the fault of that redoubtable deity called 'le trac' (stage fright). It may be believed that each evening I suffer from this fright increasingly, for people say to me regularly, 'You have never sung so well as to-day.'"

In reminiscent vein Caruso recalls that his old master who taught him the rudiments of his art predicted a brilliant career. "You will earn 200 francs a month," he said, "when you have grown a little." Verdi had less confidence in him. "When I created Feodor at Milan he asked the name of the artists, and when he heard mine he interrupted, 'Caruso? They tell me that he has a fine voice, but it seems to me that his head is not in its place.'"

And Caruso, in conclusion, admits that he has drawn caricatures, loves practical jokes, and amuses himself with ventriloquism.

Since Eugen D'Albert has become so popular as an opera composer, he has practically given up his piano recitals, but he has found time to do his share in the editing of Liszt's complete works, to be issued by Breitkopf and Hartel in Leipzig. The first two volumes, recently issued, were edited by him. They contain the first four of the symphonic poems

which created a new epoch in musical history. The other editors of this edition are Busoni, Mottl, Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Weingartner and Wolftrum. There will be altogether about forty volumes, and it is expected that the work will be completed within twelve years.

Another sign of the times: At the Imperial Opera in Vienna, after a pause of twelve years, "Stradella," by Flotow, the composer of "Martha," has been revived. Richard von Perger writes in the *London Musical Times* that "the performance aroused unusual enthusiasm. This shows that the public, weary of tone effects, dissonances, blood and adultery, finds pleasure in flowing and yet refined music. A quite childlike pleasure was taken in the melody and in the droll humor of the piece."

One of the artists who has won special praise during the present opera season in London is Miss Destinn, who will be in the New York Metropolitan company next winter. Speaking of Gluck's "Armida," the *London World* says: "The great triumph of the production was Fri. Destinn as Armide—she looked magnificent, and sang and acted as if she had never breathed any atmosphere save that of chivalric romance, or sung in any music save that of the eighteenth century. Surely an artist who can be in the course of a few days an ideal Aida, an unapproachable Senta, and a regal Armide—and might justly claim to be called a great artist if she did only one of these things—is a phenomenon almost unique in operatic history."

Miss Ethel Shepherd left for San Diego, Cal., on Thursday, and will return in September. Her pupils have won exceptional honors at the Conservatory of Music examinations.

Miss Nina Gale, a talented pupil of Miss Ethel Shepherd, has been appointed soprano soloist at the Northern Congregational church.

Mr. Arthur Blight will pass the vacation at the Eaton summer residence in Muskoka.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp will spend his holidays in Muskoka.

The Model School of Music, Beverley street, finished its sixth season with a busy month of June. Five recitals were given by members of the teaching staff, and in the last fortnight, six recitals were given by the pupils representing all the departments and teachers of the school. The selections for the programmes and the manner in which they were rendered were such as to show steady advancement on the part of the pupils and high efficiency of the staff. A good number of the pupils have also been successful in examinations at the university.

Men of science have demonstrated in recent years that mosquitoes and flies are dangerous—very much so. The next thing to come under the ban is, apparently—flowers! Sir Charles Santley's recent volume on "The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation" contains a whole chapter of warning against those objectionable products of nature. He kindly admits that flowers growing in the open air are harmless; but in a room "the exhalations from most of them are highly pernicious to the health." He has often been ridiculed for saying so; but he has known ladies who suffered martyrdom from headache caused by flowers, without which they declared, they "could not exist." To singers, particularly, the eminent baritone maintains, flowers are injurious. Gardenias, hyacinths, lilies, he has found especially liable to cause temporary hoarseness, relieved as soon as the dangerous thing was removed. He knows other singers who are affected the same way. Morell Mackenzie agrees with him that certain flowers paralyze the nerves of the throat. On one occasion Santley insisted that a row of hyacinths be removed from the stage where he was to sing. This "made George Grove furious and declare in a loud voice it was ridiculous to keep the audience waiting for such nonsensical 'fads.' I had to sing, he had not, so I waited until my enemies were removed."

It would be a good thing if this ruthless exposure of the dastardly and insidious flower should lead to

an edict forbidding the handing up of bouquets to singers in concert halls and opera houses. Santley also mercilessly denounces the knavish jonquils, wood violets, and other strong scented spring flowers, which "generally have a very bad effect on most people's digestive organs."

While thus branding the infamous flowers, Sir Charles is very indignant with a certain royal personage who referred to tobacco as "that filthy herb." Filthy, indeed! Is it not "grown in good, clean earth," "washed by the gentle rain," and "tended by watchful eyes and hands until it is ready for use in the shape of cigars, cigarette, cut for the pipe, snuff, or for chewing"? There was a time when he, too, had a foolish prejudice against tobacco. But when indigestion began to interfere with his work and temper, he followed a friend's advice to try the soothing effect of tobacco. He did so, and soon found himself able to "digest tenpenny nails." After singing, he always smokes on the way home. In the *Musical Home Journal* he relates that he once smoked three cigars before breakfast, while Mario smoked five. He adds that in Italy where Havana cigars are rarely obtainable that great tenor frequently smoked as many as 100 (?) Cavour's a day.

Paris has been lending its ear with unwonted readiness to the music of other countries of late. One of its most recent concerts was a recital of compositions by English musicians, principally Ethel Smyth, whose "The Wreckers," finding the door of Covent Garden locked and barred, had to be given, if at all, in concert form.

The French critics comment favorably upon the Englishwoman's work as revealed in excerpts from her last opera and, more especially, in her settings of three Regnier poems, "Odelette," "La Danse" and "Chrysis." Two melodies by Norman O'Neil, a romance for flute by York Bowen and two "Songs Chinois" by Cyril Scott, for a tenor voice also had place on the programme.

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Leave 11 a.m.—Families, children and nurses, may spend the hot hours of the day on the lake, returning by the same boat, arriving Toronto 4.45 p.m.; or change to later boats, arriving home 8.30 p.m., or 10.15 p.m.

Leave 2 p.m.—The afternoon holiday for all. Two hours at Niagara-on-Lake, one hour at Lewiston or Queenston, returning to Toronto

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at 8.30, or changing to late boat, arriving 10.15 p.m., add two hours.
Leave 3.45 p.m.—After Bank Hours.—Either change boats and join the families at Niagara-on-Lake, returning to Toronto at 8.30; or by remaining on same steamer, return at 10.15 p.m.
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The Lost Child.
O H, the Day that I was Lost! I never shall forget—
I wake up in the Night sometimes, and think it's happening yet.

She let me go a minute.
She said she would take Care;
But She let me go, a minute—
And then She Wasn't There!

Everything grew awful
That was good, before,
And the faces didn't look
Like People any more.

It made you feel like Wrinkles
All over you; and cold,
It made you feel two hundred
And eighty-nine years old.

It was like being Hungry
And Hurt, when no one Cares,
It was exactly like a Wreck,
And People smiled like Bears.

I thought that my own Mother
Had just Forgotten me—
And God?—I thought He'd lost me,
Like a Penny in the Sea!

The noises seemed to grow and grow,
And roar until they Drowned me—
And I could only say, "I'm Lost."
And then—at last—they found me—

THEY FOUND ME!
—Josephine Preston Peabody, in Harper's Weekly.

A LAWYER once asked a man who had at various times sat on several juries: "Who influenced you most—the lawyers, the witnesses or the judge?" He expected to get some useful and interesting information from so experienced a jurymen. This was the man's reply:

"I'll tell you, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I'm a plain man, and a reasonin' man, and I ain't influenced by anything the lawyers say, nor by what the witnesses say, nor by what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the docks and I says, 'If he ain't done nothing, why's he there?' And I brings 'em all in guilty."

"I'll sell you ten thousand dollars worth of this mining stock for fifty cents," urges the promoter. "It's the chance of a lifetime. Within a month it will be selling at a dollar a share." "Then why don't you hold onto it?" asks the canny man. "I would, but I need a hair-cut and a shave. How will I look if I wait a month?"—Life.

"Have you decided, Miss Ethel, where you are going for the summer?" "It's between two places, Mr. Johnson." "Which two?" "Ma says it's to Switzerland and pa says it's to the poorhouse."—Tatler.

It seems rather strange that love should change so little, when so many advances are constantly being made by lovers.—Life.

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A NECDOTAL



WHEN the Prince of Wales, who entered upon his forty-fourth year recently, was in the navy, the warship on which his Royal Highness served went on a voyage to Nova Scotia. Naturally, there was great excitement in Halifax when the vessel entered the harbor, and the news that the Prince was on board spread like wildfire. A prominent American politician who was in the town at the time, desirous of going over the ship, obtained an introduction to the captain. When the visitor reached the vessel's side, coaling was in full swing, and the captain evidently had no time to spare. He therefore called to an officer to show the American round, but at the mention of the latter's name, (so the story goes) a very grimy young officer, who happened to be passing, overheard, and offered to undertake the duty.

In the course of the inspection, the American said to his guide:

"Say, isn't the Prince to be seen to-day?"

"Well," replied the coal-begrimed officer, "I'm afraid his features will not be visible."

"Suppose he's particular about his complexion, eh?" exclaimed the visitor. "Have you laid him by in cotton wool till you get the dust swept away?"

The officer laughed heartily, and passed on to another topic. An hour later, as he was leaving the ship, the American encountered the captain, and the officer who had acted as guide thereupon left his side.

"Have you seen everything?" inquired the captain.

"All but the man I wanted to see," responded the other, "and that's the Prince."

"The Prince?" echoed the officer. "Why, you've been with him for the last hour."

"Was that the Prince?" roared the American. "Here, captain, just give him my compliments presently, and tell him I've gone on shore to kick myself."

THREE-YEAR-OLD Allan had a very aristocratic grandma, who prided herself on her own and her husband's blue-blooded ancestry. She told him heroic deeds of them and warned him from ever playing with boys of low degree.

One day Allan came screaming upstairs to his mamma and grandma holding his hand up covered with blood, where he had cut his little finger. They were both greatly alarmed, as he was a child who rarely cried or complained when hurt. Mamma washed the blood off and, examining the cut, said:

"Why, dear it's not so very bad. Does it hurt you so much?"

"I'm not cryin' 'cause it hurts," he said, "but 'cause it's only red blood, and grandma said I had blue."

WHEN John J. Barrett was new at the San Francisco bar two Chinamen entered his office and retained him to help prosecute "one velly bad man, Jim Hing."

Having locked the retainer in the safe, Mr. Barrett inquired what Jim Hing had done.

"Him velly bad man," the spokesman replied, "Jim Hing kill he wife. He live same alleyway, 'closs the steeet. Me—my blotter—both look out window 'closs alleyway, see Jim Hing stabbee wife. She die light away. He lun. You hang Jim Hing?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Barrett. "But you must tell the police just what you saw."

"Jim Hing kill wife—" they began, when the lawyer interrupted:

"Yes, yes, I know; but when you first saw Jim was the knife up high or down low?"

"Hoong yeh goyamen zoon fah goon quong gey yoola—" the Chinamen began jabbering and singing at each other, when Mr. Barrett again interrupted:

"Answer me truthfully. Stop consulting. Was the knife up high or down low?"

The elder Chinaman looked puzzled. Restraining the impulse to consult his brother again, he turned a guileless stare on Mr. Barrett.

"Which you think best?" he replied.

A BRIDGE-PLAYING set at an Eastern university, who usually turned night into day, used to appear at morning chapel with remarkable regularity, and were pointed out as an example by the authorities. An alteration was made in the time, chapel not beginning until thirty minutes later, and the dean was astounded to see that none of these men, so regular before, was present. He sent for them and asked the reason.

"Well, sir," said one, "it's like this: when chapel was at half past seven we could just manage it, but we can't keep awake till eight o'clock."

JOHN BUNYAN wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford jail, where he was confined for his religion. A Quaker came to the prison and thus addressed him:

"Friend Bunyan, the Lord hath sent me to seek for thee, and I have been through several countries in search of thee, and now I am glad I have found thee."

Bunyan replied: "Friend, thou dost not speak truth in saying the Lord sent thee to seek for me, for the Lord well knows that I have been in this jail for some years, and if he had sent thee he would have sent thee directly."

"WHY get together any more money?" asked a friend of the late Russell Sage. "You can't eat it. You can't drink it. What good will it do you?"

"Ever play marbles?" Uncle Russell asked.

"Yes, when I was a boy."

"Couldn't eat 'em, could you? Couldn't drink 'em, could you? No use to you, were they? What did you play marbles for?"

A WELL-KNOWN yachtsman was congratulated at a Washington dinner on his fine new craft. From yachts to yachting clothes the transition was easy, and he told a story.

"An old fellow," he said, "sat in a seaside cafe. He had finished lunch; he was now drinking champagne. The sun shone on the white sand, the sea sparkled, and every little while the old fellow ordered another cold half-bottle. With the third order he said uneasily to the waiter:

"Waiter, is my nose getting red?"

"Yes, sir," the waiter answered, "it is, sir, I'm sorry to say, sir."

"That won't do," said the old fellow. "That won't do at all. Waiter, send out and get me a yachting cap."

"CHEERFULNESS is sometimes painfully acquired," remarked Miss Maude Felton, now in vaudeville. "It's frequently like the man at the photographer's. This man, sitting for his portrait, said impatiently to the artist:

"Well, have I got now the pleasant expression you desire?"

"Yes, thank you," said the photographer.

"That will do nicely."

"Then hurry up," growled the man, "it hurts my face."

A German-American who had recently arrived at the estate of riches attended his first banquet. The wine was particularly vile, and so several gentlemen who were seated near the German were quite satisfied to have him empty the bottles that had been set apart for their common use. Neither the quality nor the quantity of the wine in the least disturbed the Teuton, and after draining the last glass he looked around jovially and said:

"Shentlemen, I haf now drunken all your wine, and safed you the trouble of trinking vat you did not like. I tink you oat to vote me a public tank."

They did.

IN New York's Mexican colony they were praising at a recent dinner Pedro Alvarado, of Parral, who had just given \$2,000,000 to the poor.

"He was poor himself," said a broker. "That is why he is now kind to the poor. A splendid fellow. Whenever I go back to Mexico I look him up. Alvarado likes to tell the quaint experiences of his days of poverty. In Mexico City he once pointed to a bakery and said to me:

"You see that bakery? Well, as I looked for work one morning early, I saw a tramp on hands and knees at the grating above the ovens. A policeman appeared. He tapped with his stick the seat of the tramp's trousers. 'Here, you move on,' he said sternly. 'That's inhuman, mister,' whined the tramp. 'I'm just inhalin' my breakfast.'"

A LAWYER tells of a trial in a court of that city, wherein an Irishman named Casey was obliged to give certain testimony against the defendant, a friend of his.

Casey's ordinarily rich brogue had lately been rendered more than usually unintelligible by reason of an accident to which he feelingly referred in the course of his testimony.

Now, Casey had been frequently called upon to repeat his answers—evidently made under protest—which requests of the court soon confused the Irishman and so awakened his anger, which steadily increased as the taking of the testimony proceeded.

"Don't prevaricate," sternly admonished the judge, as the witness seemingly returned an incoherent answer to one of the questions.

"Prevaricate!" passionately spluttered the Celt. "Sure, I'm thinkin' it's yourself wouldn't be able to help prevaricating with three of yer honor's front tathe knocked out of yer honor's head!"

IT was a lady, prim, not young, manifestly unmarried, who applied at the Alaska steamship office at San Francisco inquiring about accommodations for the June trip.

"How long will it take?" was the inquiry.

"Well," said the dapper young clerk, "there's one day to get to Portland, another to get to Seattle, seven days to Skagway. Then there is a day for sight-seeing—and the return trip, all told, say three weeks."

"I think," remarked the lady stiffly, "it would be better to say twenty-one days."

A MONG the guests at a fashionable New York reception was a recently appointed young editor of one of the dailies, who thought extremely well of himself. He received an introduction to the thirteen-year-old daughter of his hostess.

"And how do you like newspaper men?" he asked the little maid in a most condescending tone of voice.

"I don't know," she replied artlessly; "the only one I know is the one who brings our paper every morning."

THE Bishop of London, at a recent dinner, told a story as the cigars came on about one of his predecessors.

"When Dr. Creighton was Bishop of London," he said, "he rode in a train one day with a small, meek curate. Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took out his cigar case, and, with a smile, he said:

"You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?" The meek, pale little curate bowed and answered humbly: "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick."

A CERTAIN five-year-old girl has had such a large experience of dolls that she feels herself to be something of a connoisseur in children.

Recently there came a real live baby into the house.

When it was put into her arms the five-year-old surveyed it with a critical eye.

"Isn't it a nice baby?" asked the nurse.

"Yes, it's nice," answered the youngster hesitatingly. "It's nice, but its head's loose."

Give your stomach a pleasant surprise by eating

KORN-KINKS

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Quality in every turn in making and baking.

The bread for the family—a good big loaf of goodness.

5 cents — at the grocer-man's.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Lady Clark, and their charming daughters, left on Monday in their private car for the State of Maine, where they will enjoy a well earned holiday after a most arduous season, during which they have more than sustained their reputation for gracious hospitality in fulfilling the duties of their high position.

Lady Mulock has left to spend the hot season at her summer home near Aurora. Miss Irwin is the guest of Mrs. MacDowell Thompson, who is leaving shortly to spend some time at Konnebunk Beach.

General and Mrs. Otter left this week for Murray Bay.

Sir John Boyd and Lady Boyd are at the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. and the Misses Schoenberger have left for Gore's Landing.

Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington and Lady Carrington have arrived from England and are at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell and Mrs. Van Straubenzee have left to attend the Tercentenary at Quebec.

The Hon. Adam and Mrs. Beck and Mr. and Mrs. William Mackenzie of Benvenuto are among the Canadians sailing from England on their homeward journey this week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark and Miss Mary Clark left for St. Andrew's, N.B., on Wednesday.

This has been a gala week in the golfing world, the American Golf Association's tournament marking an epoch in Toronto's history of the game. On Monday afternoon there was a great gathering at the Lambton Golf Club to witness the play and incidentally to enjoy a social afternoon on the wide and shady piazzas, where Mr. Lowe, of New York, one of the brightest members of the Association, performed some dances and other stunts worthy of the vaudeville stage. Mr. Albert Austin, the large-hearted president of the Club, was receiving many congratulations on the excellence of his portrait, painted by Mr. Forster, which is hung over the entrance to the Club, and is a speaking likeness, representing Mr. Austin in golfing costume. In spite of the oppressive heat, which made playing anything but a pleasure, the band of the 48th Highlanders excelled itself in the rendering of the most popular music of the day, which it played in such an inspiring manner as to lead many of the golfers to indulge in impromptu dances. Four of the smartest of the visiting ladies were Mrs. Ostrander (New York), Mrs. Bartlett (Chicago), Mrs. Torrey (Grand Rapids), and Mrs. Brewer (Chicago), who were all exquisitely gowned and coiffed. Some of the Toronto women who looked noticeably well were Mrs. Plunkett Magann, who has just returned from England and who motored out with her husband; Mrs. Dick, Miss Muriel Dick, who has also lately returned from the Old Country and came out by motor, after lunching at the King Edward Hotel with Mr. and Miss Hoodless, who were in town for the day from Hamilton. Miss Evelyn Cox and Miss Wright were among those playing, also Mrs. Whitney Thompson, Mrs. Eustace Bird and Miss Irene Allan.

Mr. George Burton and Mr. W. H. Blake have sailed for England and will be away all summer.

Mrs. J. J. Dixon has returned from a visit to Mrs. Ewart Osborne at Roache's Point. Mrs. Alex. Warden is also at Roache's Point for a time.

Mrs. and Miss Harriette Ireland have left to spend the summer in England and on the continent, and will be greatly missed by their many friends during the next two months. Many regrets are expressed by the young set that the bright debutante will not be here to participate in the summer dances and other gaieties.

Major and Mrs. Napier Keefer have taken a cottage at Belle Ewart, Lake Simcoe, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Acton and Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Grier are among the Stony Lake contingent.

Prof. Mackenzie is building a cottage at the head of Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald are at their handsome summer house, Niagara-on-the-Lake. They have taken over their horses, and are entertaining jolly parties each week.

The Hon. J. J. Foy is also at Niagara with his three fascinating daughters, who are as usual the belles of the hops at the Queen's Royal. Mrs. John Foy and her family are occupying their house next the Oban this season.

Mr. Percival Ridout has returned to Toronto and is at the Queen's Hotel.

Mrs. Timothy Eaton and her daughter, Mrs. Burden, have left for Mrs. Eaton's summer home, Ravencrag, on Lake Windermere.

The Rev. Canon Cayley and his daughters have gone to their island home on Lake Rosseau.

Mr. and Mrs. Wally Jones are at Sturgeon Point.

Miss Joan Arnoldi is the guest of Miss Clarkson Jones at Gananoque.

Miss Gwen Canfield is at Roache's Point with Mrs. Macdonald.

Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson are at Sturgeon Point for the summer.

Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Ewart Osborne and Miss Muriel Barwick are at Lake Simcoe.

The marriage took place, in St. Basil's church at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, of Miss Fanny Hazlewood Baker to Mr. William Alexander Howlett. The bride, who is the daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Baker and

Mrs. Baker (Hamilton), was given away by her uncle, Major Mewburn, and looked very charming in her travelling gown, a brown novelty cloth tailor-made with vest and trimmings of pale blue and gold, gloves and shoes to match, a brown French sailor with blue roses and bouquet of Marechal Niel roses. The only attendant was Miss Alice Goss, who wore a mauve lingerie frock and hat to match with lilac, and carried mauve sweet peas; her present from the bridegroom was a gold signal ring, and he gave his best man, Mr. Jack De La Haye, a topaz scarfpin. Mr. and Mrs. Howlett drove away from the church and left immediately for their wedding trip to the Thousand Islands, and on their return will reside in Givens street.

The picnic season is in full swing now, and not a day passes but sees a bevy of muslin-frocked maidens with their quota of gallant oarsmen proceeding up the lovely Humber to lounge away the afternoon, returning to town in the cool of the evening.

Major and Mrs. Peuchen are summering at Woodlands, Kempenfeldt Bay.

Miss Ethel Sheppard has left to spend some months at San Diego, Cal.

Lady Meredith and Mrs. Peters are at Scarborough, Maine.

Mr. Justice Garrow and his family are at Minnico.

Mrs. and Miss Frou LeMesurier have left for Gregory, Muskoka.

Mr. LeMesurier has just returned to town much benefited by his trip abroad.

The Misses Armour gave a farewell picnic for Miss LeMesurier last week.

Mrs. Tom Wood has returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Raphael, in Montreal, and will be again one of the daintiest young matrons at Toronto's summer entertainments.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Kenrick have returned from Canon Cayley's island in Muskoka and are with Mrs. Kenrick for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Mowat, Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gouinlock and Mr. A. E. Rowland are among the Torontonians recently returned from the Royal Muskoka, expressing themselves charmed with a delightful visit and promising to return later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Bond of England are also enjoying a visit at the Royal.

Mr. William Legatt and Mrs. Legatt (Ellie Creighton) are in town for a few days en route from Hamilton to their future home in Montreal, where a cosy flat has been furnished with the many beautiful wedding presents received by this popular couple who will doubtless become as great favorites in Montreal as they are in Toronto, Hamilton and Brantford. During their stay in Toronto Mr. and Mrs. Legatt were the guests of Mrs. De Veber in St. George street.

Mr. and Mrs. Spain and Mr. J. C. Palmer were in New York this week.

Mr. Miller Lash has been in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brooke have returned from their wedding trip and have taken a flat in the St. George Apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser have also recently returned from their honeymoon and visited Niagara-on-the-Lake last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald of St. Andrew's College are at their summer place on Manitoulin Island.

Miss Edith Porter, daughter of Cy Porter of the Yacht Club, has returned from a six months' stay in London, Woodstock and St. Thomas, where she has been the *raison d'être* of innumerable entertainments. Mrs. Porter left this week for a long visit to the Northwest.

Mrs. A. M. Piper has returned from New York, where she was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hartwig Kandt.

The Argonaut Rowing Club's fortnightly dance is the event of Monday evening, and is being eagerly looked forward to by the Argos and their fair friends who never fail to turn out in full force for these delightfully informal reunions.

Mr. T. B. Greening and his two handsome daughters, Ethel and Alberta, are expected home this month from a trip around the world, and a hearty welcome is being prepared for them by their many Toronto friends.

The marriage of Miss Laura Roe to Mr. Harry Kincaide takes place in St. Cyprian's church on Tuesday, July 14th.

The Dominion Bowling Tournament at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, commences on Tuesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holland leave for Quebec on Wednesday.

Friends not a few in Toronto and many old political supporters in Ontario county will regret to learn of the death of Mr. George Wheler, of the Registrar-General's department, who died at his home in this city on Sunday last in his seventy-first year. Before coming to Toronto, some twenty-seven years ago, he lived at Uxbridge, where he had large interests and engaged in railroad contracting, and where he had conferred upon him at one time or another all the chief positions in the gift of the people of his town and county, including a long term in the House of Commons as a Liberal member. He was an energetic and popular member of the Civil Service, and his kindly nature and estimable qualities won him many friendships.

DURING JULY AND AUGUST WE CLOSE DAILY AT 5 P.M., SATURDAY AT 1 P.M.

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Our collection of headwear for children embraces baby hats in the white pique with buttoned crown and scalloped edge or with little frills of embroidery at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Smart pique hats for ages 2, 3 and 4 years with button on crowns or with draw strings for washing, \$2.00 and \$3.00. Lovely lingerie hats in combination of lace and embroidery with ribbon trimmings, \$2.50 to \$9.00; including some very handsome Paris novelties—Baby bonnets in dainty New York styles with washable ties, ribbon bows and rosettes at 75c. each. Infants' bonnets in combination of lace and embroidery, ribbon ties and ribbon trimmed, at \$1.00 and \$1.25.

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ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS for resident and day pupils. Special scholarships for sons of "old boys."

EXAMINATIONS for entrance scholarships, Saturday, September 12th

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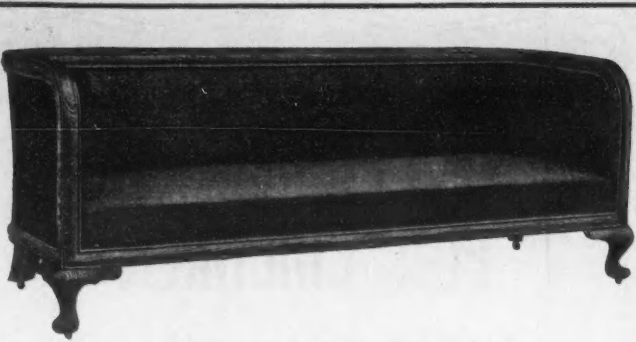
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Kay's July Furniture Sale

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SOCIETY

THE Island aquatic dance, which was to have taken place on Friday night, was cancelled, as a slight token of sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Eastmore by their numerous friends.

A wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tew, Bonnie View, Berkeley avenue, Toronto, on Wednesday afternoon at 2.30, when their second daughter, Miss Norah Gainsford, was quietly married to Mr. William Addison D'Eve, youngest son of the late George Hastings Rust-D'Eve, Suffolk, England, the Rev. Canon Dixon officiating. The ceremony took place under a drooping camperdown tree and large wedding bell of ferns and daisies. Miss Helen Hall (Orillia) and Miss Carrie Lancelley played the wedding marches. The groom's gift to the bride was an emerald and pearl ring. After a reception Mr. and Mrs. D'Eve left on the five o'clock train for Sparrow Lake and Muskoka, and on their return will reside at 149 Lee avenue, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Boone sailed on the New Amsterdam, via New York, for Rotterdam, Holland, on the 8th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Williams, Miss Marion Williams and their nephew, Burt White, leave to-day for New York. Mrs. Williams and the children will spend the next two months on the New Jersey coast.

An amusing incident was witnessed by the golfers at the Lambton Club on Wednesday afternoon, when Mrs. Smith (of Human Life, Boston), in searching for a lost ball disappeared into twelve feet of muddy water, to the horror of Mrs. Rogers, who was playing against her. Mrs. Smith was happily none the worse for her ducking and returned to Toronto in a borrowed costume, which was the cause of great joy to her friends.

The position of manager to the Queen's Royal Hotel, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, has been accepted by Mr. Louis R. Cole, who is being wished much success by the many friends he has made in Canada during his connection with the Queen's Royal and Royal Muskoka hotels.

The engagement is announced of Mary Eva, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Biggar, Oakville, to Mr. Maurice Bruce McCausland, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCausland, Toronto. The marriage will take place in St. Jude's church, Oakville, on Tuesday, July 21.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth McLeod Patton, Superintendent of Grace Hospital, to Dr. Charles J. Currie, of College street. The marriage will take place early in September.

On Wednesday, June 8, the marriage of Miss Cathleen Adelaide Ferguson, daughter of the late Mr. John Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson, of Mattawa, Ont., to Mr. John Oscar Goodsell, Canadian representative of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways, was celebrated at St. Michael's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral, the Rev. Father Kernahan officiating. The bridesmaid was Miss Helen Mullins and the best man, Mr. Tim Mullins, of the C.P.R. Passenger Department. After the wedding breakfast, at 145 Beverley street, Mr. and Mrs. Goodsell left for Niagara.

they will visit the former home of the groom, staying with Mrs. Goodsell, Sr. Mr. Goodsell is a very popular man in railroad circles in Toronto, and before his wedding was presented by the passenger representatives of the different railways with a handsome dining-room suite.

"On the Hill," as it is called, is rapidly becoming a fashionable residential district. One of the healthiest districts, home-seekers are not slow in showing their appreciation of such a desirable suburb. Houses are going up in all directions and vacant lots are being eagerly picked up for both building and speculative purposes. S. T. Sutton & Co., 151 King street west, the well-known real estate firm, are making a specialty of this district and have a choice list of residences and lots for sale. Anyone wanting to buy either house or lot would be cheerfully furnished with all information upon application.

TO QUEBEC TRICENTENARY. If you intend going, your outing will be far more delightful if you take the "Water Way" via the R. & O. N. Co., through the 1,000 Islands and down the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. Charming scenery and cool breezes land you fresh at Quebec to witness the magnificent pageants during the celebration.

For the benefit of its patrons from July 23rd to 27th inclusive the steamers "Montreal" and "Quebec" will leave Quebec for Montreal at 11.00 p.m. instead of 6.30 p.m., thus giving visitors an opportunity to witness the fireworks and enjoy the evening entertainments.

ARE YOU AFRAID OF TYPHOID?

At this hot season many persons are apt to be nervous about their water supply.

Nervousness is an enemy to health. Be on the safe side. Drink Radnor Water, for you can have no worry as to its purity.

Radnor comes to us from an absolutely uncontaminable source in the Laurentian Mountains.

Love by the Sea.

WHEN the low murmur of the morning's laughter
Rippling the waves makes music
in my ears,
I dream of vanished things and
things hereafter—
So near is laughter to divine,
sweet tears.

When in the dawn the last star disappears

And dream on dream withdraws
following after,
My heart leaps up with laughter in
my ears,
So near is grief to sorrowful,
sweet laughter.

When the wind calls and the waves follow after

And dune on dune shimmers and reappears,
I dare not listen to your quiet laughter,
So near is laughter to divine,
sweet tears.

—The Harvard Monthly.

Knicker—I was sitting up with a very sick friend last night, I tell you. Mrs. Knicker—Yes; I sat up with his sick wife all this afternoon.—Harper's Bazaar.

Stella—Can you dress within your income? Bella—Yes; but it is like dressing within a berth in a sleeping car.—Harper's Bazaar.

Niagara-on-the-Lake

LAST Saturday being the Fourth the Americans took the town by storm, many motoring down from the Falls and Buffalo with their cars gaily decorated with flags. The grounds of the Queen's Royal were crowded with spectators witnessing the finals of the tennis, which were very exciting. The ball in the evening was one of the largest this season. Paul Jones, danced for the first time this year, was the feature of the evening. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Cady, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Thompson, the Misses Rosemuller, Mrs. Lancing, Miss Sarah Lancing, Miss Lou Ford, the Misses McGaw, Mrs. John Macbeth, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Till, Miss Winifred Servos, Mr. Jim Foy, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Watters, Mr. Harold Macdonald, Miss Chrysler, Mr. and Mrs. Griener, Mr. Ed. Griener, Mr. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Silverthorne, Mr. Warren, Mr. Woodburn Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkover, the Misses Geddes, Dr. Luggs, Mr. Crombie, Miss Fell, Mrs. Winnett Thompson, Miss Mary Garrett, Miss Phillips, Dr. Hyland, Miss Flora Garrett, Miss Young and others.

Mrs. Mead (Cleveland, Ohio), an enthusiastic golfer, is visiting Miss Foy.

Miss Gladys Edwards, one of our most popular summer visitors, has arrived in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Snell have returned from their wedding trip and spent the week-end in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Fleischman.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Imrie, of Olive avenue, Toronto, are spending a few weeks at the Strathcona Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Kirkland are among the guests at the Oban House for the summer.

The Niagara Golf Club has again opened for the season, the links being in splendid condition, and a great deal of enthusiasm is already shown by the members.

Miss Lou Ford is the guest of Mrs. McGaw.

Dr. H. C. Burritt and Mr. Crombie, Toronto, spent the week-end in town, the guests of Mrs. Bruce Macdonald.

Mrs. William Thomas Rodden, who has been visiting Mrs. T. L. Gallagher, has returned to Montreal.

Mrs. Andrew Smith and Mrs. A. P. Burritt are spending a week or two at the Queen's Royal.

Mr. Thaw Malin, of Philadelphia, spent the week-end at the Queen's Royal.

Mrs. Geary has arrived in town for the summer.

Miss Sarah Lancing, who has been visiting Mrs. Watt, Dunbar road, Toronto, has returned home.

Mr. Kenneth Baldwin, Toronto, is spending his holidays at Paradise Grove.

Dr. Hyland, of the A.M.C., is still in town attending the sick men who were left behind on the camp grounds.

Miss Mabel Beddoe, of Toronto, has been scoring many successes recently in concert-singing in Dresden, Germany. Speaking of her a critic says: "Miss Beddoe sang the Aria from 'The Taming of the Shrew' (Goetz) with such temperament and fire that a sister of Frau Reuss-Bele, who was present, advised her to go on the stage." Another critic says she has a beautiful mezzo-soprano, of great range, perfectly trained and equalized in all the registers, and that she sang with great expression and elan.

A gentleman was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor, but didst thou feel in the right place? Didst thou feel in thy pocket?"—Democratic Telegram.

Lady Suffragette: "Did you ask that question at the political meeting?" Friend: "Yes." Lady Suffragette: "What was the answer?" Friend: "Put her out."—Harper's Weekly.

The Cult of Beauty

ONE sometimes stops to wonder if beauty still increases in the world. Certainly in proportion to the phenomenal spread of ugliness it proves as shy and difficult as a rose in an untended field of weeds. As life spins past us, it is natural that coldness should invade us and hope be less buoyant and upspringing. We have seen the multiplications of sins and sorrows; we have learned that to live we must renounce partizanship and let the world wag its own way; the soil of a man's heart by mere natural processes of existence is like to become fit for negations and indifference. How have the things we set our faith upon crumbled and betrayed us; how do our friends pass out into the unknown, inscrutable future; and as for our desires, either we cannot attain them and in their stead there lives in us a sense of black failure and thwarting, or we do attain them and find them bitter as dead sea fruit, or useless and gray as windblown ashes powdering our blossoms.

To this pass must we all come at some time; all except those very brisk and busy folk who do things so hard that they have not time to look up or down or around about and so manage to get through existence without discriminating between beauty and ugliness at all. These people, it has been said, make the world go round; possibly they do, but one thing is certain, they do not make it swing to music, and if the earth joins the stars in the chorus of the spheres, it is not their doing.

At any rate, with these we are not dealing here, but with those who constantly discriminate between what is fair and enlivening and what is ugly and deadening. If we will have life repay us, even to the last when age and decay encroach, then *l'art cultiver son jardin*—one must be an unremitting gardener of life, one must hoard beauties, one must keep record of them as they flit, one must be ever alert to catch the essence of the rare and worthy moment and to prolong its life in memory and in written annals or imitative images.

If we ourselves live largely by the past, we also are creating a new past for posterity, and it matters infinitely that our legacy to them should be beautiful; not merely useful or labor-saving or protective but that it should have in it that beauty and harmony which alone console us in age and make life, looked back upon from the vantage of half a century of days, a feast of exquisite though transient impressions. What shall a legacy of smooth pavements, surgical institutions, well conducted insane asylums, and fast trains mean to a folk pining for old gardens, safe by-paths, wholesome and quiet living, and openings on to the wide horizon line where God paints His miracles?

No; when the paralysis of old age creeps upon us and our hopes no longer live on the mere animal spirits of youth, it is the beauty we may have snatched by the way which shall console us and hearten us. Comfort and successes wear thin as poverty and failures if we have placed our faith in any material thing:

"Just when we're safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides—
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears.
As old and new at once as Nature's self,
To rap and knock and enter in our soul,
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring
Round the ancient idol on his base again—
The grand Perhaps!"

Who can look back upon his fifty years of days and take solace and comfort in life over the problems of being because, forsooth, he has managed to sleep in linen sheets and have well tempered bedrooms. There is no solace in that, but there does come a solace to him who has slept under the stars, watching them wheel slowly on their orbits about "that same star that's westward from the pole"; and though a man shall have read all the newspapers every day for ten or twenty years and all the current novels of the same years thereunto, it shall no more console him for having lived when he stops on the threshold of old age to look back, than would a glimpse of devilweeds or cactus in a dull sand desert, or a sordid back yard full of weeds.

Only such beauty as we have found and treasured can keep the heart in us. Either the beauties we have read of, or seen and pondered, or, if we be the most fortunate of the sons of men, the beauties we have created, or, seeing, have known how to give account of and spread wider their fame.

There fell by chance upon a stud-

ent's table recently a volume of extraordinary and rare quality and value, and the story of it, as we gathered it, was like this: There was a man once who had a failing despised of all people; he was hopelessly and incurably shy and incapable of human intercourse; he was cut off by this defect from human ties; marriage and children were out of his reach; even the ties of friendship were difficult to him, and yet conquered he refused to be; he determined to gather such beauties as might yet belong to him and keep record of them.

"Uniting in one person the physical exuberance of youth and the melancholy of disillusioned manhood I was deprived of the balanced energy of either age and kept up a braggart courage with the headiest wine of literature. I could not bear the bland homilies of the preachers, but ranged myself with the apostles of rebellion who blew imperious blasts before the walls of civilization."

Yet, being one of those who intended to use every force at command to subdue life, in spite of every defect, to some semblance of beauty, he taught himself first of all to quit the company of cynics and lamenters, and there trooped instead into his memory, "with a quiet pomp and induction of joy, forms of men who, though justified in rebellion by every human suffrage, remained loyal to the end and proved by endurance a more imperial humanity. Socrates, unperturbed by mortal injustice; Dante, a deep, harmonious voice amid jangling destinies; William the Silent, serene in every desperate conjecture—these seemed now the more perfect captains."

And midway in the book he who makes confession learns and gives us this great truth, "that life may not be centred in itself but in the going out of the heart in wisdom."

And from this page on the book is a confession of triumphs and of gathered joys; the joys of vision and free living in the open, the joys of sounds and of music, the joys of the faith of little children, joys in the philosophy which trusts in the slow suffusion of the worlds with intellectual light, and finally the joy of noble achievement; for these indeed outlast disillusionment and help us to meet the inevitable with the appeasement and the calm which surpass understanding, and give us faith in the endurance and the ultimate triumph of beauty. And then we may face old age, neither sullen nor despairing, but like the old man in Andersen's "Old House" who had outlived all his contemporaries and who sat among his curiosities and antique treasures all alone.

"They say at home," said the little boy, "that you are always alone."
"Oh," replied the old man, "the old thoughts with all that they bring with them visit me; and now you come too. I am very comfortable, I'm sure."—Harper's Weekly.

DISCUSSION of the inadequacy of the monarch's income suggests, naturally, the expenditures of their wives. The big shops in Paris count their best customers the royalalties of Europe, for there is not a queen who does not go to Paris to shop. Every spring and fall the majority of the women of the reigning houses go to Paris to look over the new modes, unless by special courier the new modes are sent to them. Queen Alexandra is in the habit of making a two weeks' stay, during which time she is hard at work selecting dinner, court, and ball creations. But for tailored gowns she gives her preference to London tailors. The queen is said to be reckless in her glove bills, paying never less than \$3.75 a pair and wearing from two to five fresh pairs a day, and yet her average outlay yearly is said not to exceed \$30,000. The Czarina until a few years ago was also always to be counted on for at least one annual visit to the Paris shops, but during the past few turbulent years she deems it better policy to prove her patriotism to Russia and patronize home industry. Next to Queen Alexandra, however, the Queen of Portugal was counted the best-dressed royalty and the most lavish spender, until her present period of mourning. Her besetting fad appears to be corsets. She is said to have them made in Paris by the dozen at prices ranging from \$40 to \$60 apiece. Even Queen Wilhelmina, with all her intense loyalty to Holland, can not resist the call of the French shops when it is a matter of state costumes. Her wedding shopping was her first experience in foreign shops and since then she has never missed her annual pilgrimage to the Paris shrine of fashion. White is her preference, the shop people say, and though she may be persuaded occasionally to venture something mildly green, she piously eschews anything frivolous or youthful, as pinks, reds, or blues. Italy's queen, the beautiful Helena, on the other hand, revels in brilliant colors

and is indefatigable in looking for effects she considers bizarre yet within the bounds of good taste, for her love of color never leads her into inartistic temptations. She is also said to be a good business woman and drives a harder bargain than any other royalty in Europe.

Isn't it queer how people will take foul-smelling old banknotes, put them in their pocket, and never think a thing about it? Yet there is a strong aversion to having anything to do with the pasteboard bread ticket or meal ticket that has been in circulation for fear of catching some dread disease therefrom. A banknote passes through many hands and is gladly received by all.—Milton Reformer.

"These automobiles are a nuisance," growled Dusty Dennis, as he frowned at a passing touring car. "What's de matter, pard?" asked Gritty George. "One of dem run you down?" "No, but last night dey put me in a cell with a chauffeur, and I couldn't sleep for de smell of gasoline."—Chicago News.

Little girl: "I've got a father and a mudder and a grandfather." Kindly Stranger: "And how old is your grandfather?" Little Girl: "I don't know, but we've had him a long time."—Harper's Weekly.

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BIRTHS.

EVANS—At 355 Mountain street, Montreal, July 4, the wife of W. Barnard Evans, Jr., of a daughter.
MACDONALD—At High River, Alta., July 4, to Dr. W. T. and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter.
HUSBAND—In Toronto, July 1, to Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Husband, a daughter.
MACDONALD—At "Glencoe," Edmonton, Alta., July 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Walter Macdonald, a son.

MARRIAGES.

HARVEY-ROSS—At St. Paul's church, Newmarket, July 8, Lella Euphemia, daughter of Mr. C. G. Ross, Newmarket, to John Franklin Harvey, B.A., of Peterborough, Ont.
JONES-PENNINGTON—At Shanghai, China, June 22, Phebe Eleanor Wright, daughter of W. J. G. and Mrs. Pennington, of London, Ont., to Jas. Coulthard Jones, of the Imperial Chinese Customs, Chefoo, China.
BRYDOCKE-JACK—WALKER—At Westmount, Quebec, June 29, Margaret M. L., daughter of Rev. W. T. Walker, to Dr. F. W. Brydow-Jack, of Vancouver, B.C.
WATSON-FULTON—At "Gowan Bank," Woodstock, Ont., June 24, Florence Aiche, daughter of the late R. R. and Mrs. Fulton, to Edwin H. A. Watson.
CALHOUN-MOYNE—At Sault Ste. Marie, July 1, Vivian Mabel, daughter of Mr. J. C. Moynes, Belleville, to Alexander Calhoun, of Fort William.

DEATHS.

THOMPSON—In New York, June 19, Lella, wife of Robert Bigger Thompson, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Greene.
WHEELER—In Toronto, July 5, George Wheeler, late of the registrar-general's department, ex-M.P., in his 71st year.
BACON—At Stayner, Ont., Anna Burn, widow of the late Henry Bacon, of Holland Landing, aged 90 years.
BUTTON—At Stouffville, Ont., July 7, Alma Alberta Jones, wife of Major John R. Button, in her 52nd year.
CAMERON—In Toronto, July 30, Edith E., wife of John G. Cameron, aged 33 years.
THOMPSON—At Berlin, Germany, Gordon Boyce Thompson, M.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Thompson, of Rosedale.
BENNETT—At the residence of her non-law, Will M. McTavish, 429 Sumach street, Toronto, July 3, 1908, in her sixtieth year, Christina Chisholm, widow of the late William Bennett, Port Hope.

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Society at the Capital

JUST at the moment everyone's thoughts are turning Quebecwards, and besides those who are to take part in the pageant at the Tercentenary a large contingent of Ottawans will go down to stay with their respective friends in the Ancient City. Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier will for the occasion be the guests of Sir Louis and Lady Jette at Spencerwood, and Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth will also be of the Lieutenant-Governor's house party before taking a trip to England and Germany. Hon. R. and Madame Lemieux expect to be of the same party for the festive fortnight, and others who will share in the hospitality of Government House will be Hon. Sir James Bryce, British Ambassador in Washington, D. C., and Lady Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, of Washington; Mons. De Loyne, French Consul-General at Montreal, with Madame and Miss De Loyne. Mrs. W. Dobell will entertain a house party, in which Miss Ethel Jones and Miss Elsie Ritchie will be included, and Mrs. W. Price will have several residents of the Capital, among them Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, for the celebration. It is fervently hoped that the fates will be indulgent and send cool and pleasant weather for the last two weeks of July, as so much of the success of the undertaking will depend on the climatic conditions. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey and party have been installed at the citadel for a week, and Col. Mrs. and Miss Hanbury-Williams left on Monday to join them and remain in Quebec until the festivities are concluded. Hon. Frank, Mrs. and the Misses Oliver have taken rooms at the Chateau Frontenac for the gala period, and some of those who will go down under the chaperonage of Mrs. Crombie to assist in the pageant are: Miss Lola Powell, Miss Pansy Mills, the Misses Chadwick, the Misses Morna and Claudia Bate, Miss Rita Pinhey, Miss Louis Douglas, Miss Hope Wurtelle (the two latter of whom will be guests of Col. and Mrs. Neilson), the Misses Hughson, Miss Fitzrandolph and Miss Marguerite Crombie.

With the close of the session in view in about a fortnight the various Cabinet Ministers are looking forward to a well-earned rest at their respective attractive summer homes, after the celebration at Quebec, which the greater number will attend.

Her Excellency Lady Grey expects to sail for England early in August, and will remain there until the autumn. Mrs. Fielding and her three younger daughters have gone to their residence in Rothesay, N. B., and will be joined at the close of Parliament by Hon. Mr. Fielding and Miss Fielding, who remained in town with her father. Additional departures from the Capital during the week have been: Hon. Senator and Mrs. Bostock and family, who have been occupying Mrs. Monk's house in Lisgar street during the session, and who left for their ranch in Monte Creek, B. C., early in the week; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Chrysler and family, who with their daughter, Mrs. (Prof.) McBride, of Montreal, and her little son left on Monday to summer in Metis; Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Buffi, who have gone as usual to Cushing's Island, Me., for the hot weather; Mrs. Barrett Dewar and her two small sons, who left on Friday for a rest at St. Andrew's, N. B.; Mrs. E. Norman Smith and her little daughter, who, on the 6th, left for a two months' holiday at Kennebunkport, Me., and Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour, who have taken up their residence for the balance of the warm weather at their pretty cottage at Chelsea, where Mr. and Mrs. David Gilmour are with them. Miss Eva Lessard, daughter of Col. Lessard, is leaving this week to spend the months of July and August with Miss Norah Warren at the summer home of the Warrens in Paradise Grove, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. and Miss Chipman, of Winnipeg, were visitors in town for several days recently, prior to sailing for a trip to England. Mrs. Chipman was with Mrs. Cellingwood Schreiber, Miss Chipman being the guest of Mrs. Crombie. On Monday Mrs. Schreiber entertained in their honor at the Golf Club at a smart little luncheon, which was followed by a most charming tea at the same pretty spot, when Mrs. Crombie was the hostess.

On the same day Miss Katherine Foster gave a luncheon at the Golf Club, her guests being invited specially to meet Miss Goodyear, of Bos-

ton, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Foster. Others present were Miss Morse and her cousin, Miss Olive Peters, of London, Ont., Miss Isabel Sherwood, Miss Gladys Carling, Miss Claire Oliver and Miss Ethel Perley.

A welcome visitor in the Capital lately was Miss Kathleen Kirchhoffer, of Brandon, who spent a few days with Dr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Harris at Earnescliffe. Mrs. Harris gave Miss Kirchhoffer's many friends an opportunity to offer her their test wishes on her approaching marriage (which takes place in Brandon on August 5), by inviting them to meet her at the tea hour, and about fifty guests, including several gentlemen, enjoyed a very pleasant hour at Earnescliffe, which is so beautifully situated, overlooking the Ottawa, and has the benefit of the delightfully cool breezes from the river. Among those who were present were: Madame Girouard, Mrs. Wm. McDougall, Mrs. Joseph Pope and her two sisters, Mrs. Jack Carling, of London, Ont., and Miss Jeanne Taschereau, of Montreal; Mrs. Vernon Eaton and her sister, Miss Fitzrandolph, of St. John, N. B.; Mrs. J. F. Smellie, Miss Grace Ritchie, Miss Marguerite Crombie, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Ethel Jones, the Misses Oliver, the Misses Kingsford, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Moylean, the Misses Chadwick, Mr. Edward Houston, Mr. Gordon Richardson, Mr. Osler and others. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Avery also entertained at a particularly charming dinner for Miss Kirchhoffer during her short visit, when covers were laid for sixteen guests.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, July 6, 1908.

Evolution's Darker Side.

DISTINCTLY does my mind recall
The day I evolved
To this so-called terrestrial ball
From realms preinstituted.
I seemed to know upon that day
That I, alas, was fated
To wander my eternal way
Absurdly antedated.

No sooner had my opened eyes
Observed my new surroundings
Than I was forced, to my surprise,
To swallow strange compoundings.
In no remembered clime or state
In ages prehistoric,
Was ever it my awful fate
To taste of paregoric.

When bobbing softly in the brine
Or wriggling through earth's strata,
No giant killer tale for mine,
Nor Humpty Dumpty data!
And when I sprang from tree to tree
Or sang with birdlike chirrup,
I knew no taste of catnip tea
And none of soothing syrup.

So now, as I remarked before,
I saw my sad position—
My age a million years or more,
Yet dandled on a cushion!
In vain I howled with lusty throat
In angry protestation—
They simply put me in a boat
And rocked like all creation.

They washed me off with slippery suds
And gave my back a chalking,
Then swaddled in abnormal duds
The parts put on for walking.
And no interpreter I'd heard
In monkey land or other,
Could fathom by a single word
The gibberish of my mother.

Of course I queried right and left
As soon as I was able,
Why I of feathers was bereft
And why we used a table.
I even asked my latest kin
To give some explanation
Why tooth and claw should be drawn in
When battling with a ration.

And now I do my level best
To fill the bill suggested;
I'm acting much like the rest
With human forms invested.
But, sotto voce, I would add
I wish I'd left creation
Before I got—and got it bad—
This fad—domestication.

—New York Sun.

TWO IDEAL SPOTS.

If you searched the continent from end to end in all probability you would fail to find two more up-to-date or charmingly situated summer hotels than the "Royal Muskoka" and "Wa-Wa." The former is located on Lake Rosseau, one of the beautiful Muskoka lakes, and the latter at Norway Point, Lake of the Islands. The Grand Trunk Railway System is the most convenient route to above points. Train service and equipment strictly first-class. Full information at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Blessed be the Builders

IF I were going to write a new series of Beatitudes—which is the aim of every ambitious scribbler—I should begin it thus:

Blessed be the Builders.
Blessed be the Builders; the men who have conquered the wilderness, and put the mountains under their feet, and set their watch-towers in the midst of the sea. Blessed be the Builders; for they are the salt of the earth.

We have had enough of warriors. The only good end they ever served was to protect us from other warriors. We have had enough of bigots, trying to fetter the world with the gyves of dogma. We have had enough and to spare of the gilded fools of royalty. But we have never had enough of the Builders; and we never can.

When we trace the progress of human kind from its raw beginnings in the Mid Pleistocene to the twentieth century, we are mainly occupied with the work of the Builders. When we trace the periods in which the race went backward, we are largely busy with soldiers and kings.

Blessed be the Builders.
They have tamed the wild beasts; and taken tribute for man from the rocks of the earth.

They have broken the lightning to harness; and made fire and water lie down together that men might be served.

They have made gardens in the desert; and habitations for men in the sandy wastes.

They have cleared the forests, and drained the swamps, and gathered food from the land that brought forth pestilence.

They have pierced the mountains for their highways; and taught the rivers to walk in unaccustomed paths.

They have bound the continents with hands of steel; and the oceans with webs of copper.

They have given us temples instead of creeds; homes instead of thrones; cities in place of deserts.

They have had their faults, I know. They have spared neither themselves nor others. They have counted life less than work. But they have got the work done, and it was our work. They have paid themselves from the treasury of the earth, and have not stinted. But they have labored, and they have labored for us. They have built up faster than kings and warriors could tear down; and the gain is civilization. They have said to the bigot: "Thou shalt not!" and to the sluggard: "Thou shalt!" They have made houses of justice that kings might cease from troubling; and they have tied the warrior's hands with golden thread.

Whatever their cost, they have earned it a thousand-fold. Blessed, thrice blessed, be the Builders!—
George L. Knapp, in Lippincott's.

Home Bank Report.

The annual statement of the Home Bank of Canada for the year ending 31st of May shows that the profits for the twelve months have been \$95,411.31. This is after deducting all charges for management and making full provision for doubtful debts. Following the usual method of compiling bank statements, the credit balance carried over from 1907, and the premiums on capital stock sold during the year, are added to the profits for the year just closed. This brings the profit account up to \$144,799.54. After paying the year's dividends there remains \$62,705 applied to reserve, and \$30,953.32 carried forward as a credit for the current year just begun.

The reserve fund of the Home Bank has now reached the figure \$297,705, and as the original authorized capital was one million dollars, now nearly all paid up, the reserve fund is equal to one-third of the paid-up capital. This is a creditable showing for a bank less than three years in business.

The details of the general statement show that the Home Bank's assets exceed its liabilities to the public by nearly a million and a quarter dollars. The liabilities to the public (deposits from the public and notes in circulation) amount to nearly five and a half million dollars. Against these liabilities the assets amount to \$6,734,963, itemized as follows:

Gold and silver coin and Dominion Government notes on hand, and deposits with the Government as security for note circulation, \$506,284.

Notes and cheques of other banks on hand, and balances due from other banks in Canada, Great Britain and foreign countries, \$632,241.15.

Railway, municipal and other bonds, \$335,614.84.

Bonds, stocks and debentures, held as collateral security for short

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Neither heat nor cold—
nor constant wear
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loans advanced to the amount of \$2,326,802.89.

Current loans advanced and commercial paper discounted, \$2,714,747. The Bank's premises in Toronto and outside places where it has branches, together with safes and office equipment, are rated as an asset at \$196,260.

The annual meeting was held at the Head Office of the Home Bank of Canada, 8 King street west, on Tuesday, June 30. On that occasion the President reviewed the financial situation generally and remarked that, while the general outlook was promising, the stringency had not yet disappeared. He called attention to the increase of deposits, which, in view of the general withdrawals that had taken place, the Home Bank might have expected to suffer a decrease. Instead of this, however, there was an increase of nearly \$100,000. Under normal conditions the increase would have been much larger.

Regarding the new stock to be issued the President said: "We consider the present time favorable for placing \$500,000 new stock on the market, and it will first be offered to the shareholders as required by the Bank Act, and such as is not taken up will probably be placed in the Northwest Provinces, in which part of the country there is springing up a demand for our stock. There is a considerable number of shares now held there, and in view of a very probable large increase in that number, and that we have recently established a business connection in Manitoba that should produce results valuable to the Bank, it may be considered advisable to ask you to place two gentlemen on the directorate who are residents of and stand well with the community in that rapidly growing country."

Among those present at the annual meeting were:

Messrs. Anton Simmers, R. B. Street, Eugene O'Keefe, Col. John I. Davidson, Thomas Flynn, F. G. Gooderham, J. S. Robertson, W. J. Green, Edward Galley, D. Fitzgerald, Edward Flanagan, William Crocker, G. E. Burns, F. E. Luke, A. W. Thomas, Harold Muntz, Matthew O'Connor, H. Crewe, T. W. Ellis, A. R. Denison, W. Lavoie, Widmer Hawke, I. Batho, J. O. Paterson, James Matthews, W. T. Ker-

nahan, W. H. Patridge, J. J. Foley, M. A. Thomas, H. G. Hopkirk, A. E. Brownlee, C. E. P. McWilliams, Philip Jamieson, Major James Cooper, Lieut.-Colonel James Mason.

Messrs. W. T. Kernahan and Arthur R. Denison were appointed scrutineers and reported the election of the following Board of Directors: Eugene O'Keefe, Thomas Flynn, Lieut.-Col. John I. Davidson, Edward G. Gooderham, W. Parkyn Murray, Lieut.-Col. James Mason, John Persse and John Kennedy.

At a subsequent meeting of the new Board, Mr. Eugene O'Keefe was re-elected president and Mr. Thomas Flynn, vice-president.

Midsummer Madness.

(Continued From Page 12.)

ran through it was as narrow and as crowded as St. Peter's, in Quebec, and lined with small dirty little stores about six feet square, representing almost every trade necessary to supply the wants of the shipping industry.

The stores are very small in Lisbon, even in the better thoroughfares. There are no great departmental establishments, and every trade seems to remain by itself, and to be content with a limited business. The tailor shops have their sewing girls, and cutter, and goods all in the store. It is the same with the tinsmith or plumber. The workshop and the store are one and the same department, and that of a very primitive nature. Counters are little used, the stores being more like stalls with the goods and shelves around the walls.

We took a street car and visited a remote part of the old and interesting town, and walked back through the filthy little narrow streets which seemed to be overflowing with people. It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the working classes were evidently returning to their homes. The shops, with their gloomy yellowish gas jets, made the whole scene weird, in open contrast with the noble-looking Moorish buildings, standing out above us on the crest of seven hills, upon which the city is built; and their irregular and broken outlines, silhouetted against a clear, starry sky, showing to advantage that evening, in the shadows of

the full moon, which was slowly rising over the mountains, on the other side of the Tagus. But we enjoyed every minute of our walk, seeing the barefooted women, old and young with their heavy baskets on their heads, others with large brass urns filled with water, or milk, or good old Oporto, for which Portugal is famous. But the most interesting scene to my mind was the milkmen who went their rounds, in company with their whole stock in trade, milking their cows according to the demand or order of their customers. Each vendor conducted two to four head of cattle; others had a goat or two mixed up with them, and a few only led goats. There is evidently no regular supply and demand in this trade, as I noticed at each place the herd stopped, the milkman would sing out, a head would appear upon the balcony, and the quantity of liquid required would be the response, when the milkman would proceed to fill the order by milking his cows or goats. In some instances the streets were so narrow that the milkman would have to line up his three or four animals one after the other near the sidewalk, to allow a vehicle or street car to pass by.

The houses were all three, four or five storeys high in that part of the town, with a balcony to each window, and these balconies seem to be very popular, as the people make great use of them, looking out into the streets, almost constantly, when they have nothing to do, and apparently there is a great deal of leisure time in Lisbon, as in all other southern countries, where the laxative climate is a good excuse for refraining from work.

While the electric trams give an excellent service with only one fare and one class of passengers, there is a second, or probably the older system of street cars, still in existence, which is almost entirely patronized by the working, or lower classes, the fare of which, is about half what it is on the electric cars. This old fashioned system has a number of cars, resembling Irish jaunting cars, but on four wheels instead of two, and having all the other essentials of jolting and spilling you on the street without warning. Especially is this made apparent when travelling over the rough cobblestones of Lisbon's jolting roadways.

Poking Fun at Canadian Parliament

The New York Sun Has Some Things to Say About the Way Our Legislators at Ottawa Do Their Work.

THERE was a time when Canada squirmed when her big relative, Uncle Sam, teased her. But now we take his chaff with equanimity and a smile. It is well that we have reached this stage, because it is interesting and profitable to know, now and then, what our neighbor has to say about us. This by way of preface to an article in the New York Sun, some of which is here reproduced. This paper pokes a little fun at the Canadian Parliament, and contrasts procedure at Ottawa with the way they do things at Washington. The reader will note, with good humor, the points on which the Sun is incorrectly informed. To quote:

Business in the Canadian Parliament is transacted solemnly as a rule, although occasionally the democratic spirit, which is much the same over the border as it is here, will have its way.

Canada goes early to bed. That is a general assertion of fact which has no more exceptions than are necessary to prove the rule. But the Canadian House of Commons transacts most of its regular business in night sessions.

An all-night session of Congress is an event. The filibuster which Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, led against the emergency currency bill at the session recently closed required an all-night session to break it up. It was unusual enough to demand extended accounts in the newspapers. In Canada an all-night legislative session is a frequent occurrence.

Can you imagine Uncle Joe Cannon in a black silk gown and cocked hat advancing to the Speaker's chair at the beginning of each day's session of the House of Representatives, with his dignity further emphasized by a gold laced functionary preceding him and bearing a sword and a mace? Such formality as there is sits irksomely upon him. Yet the Speaker of the Canadian House opens the session at 3 p.m. each parliamentary day with all that formality and more.

The Speaker reads prayers. The chaplains of Congress have been known to include political oratory in their invocations. There is this similarity between the American House and the Canadian—most of the members come in after the prayer.

In the House of Representatives the seats are arranged in a semicircle so that all the members face the Speaker, and incidentally the press gallery. The opposing Canadian parties face each other across a gangway, as is the case in the British Commons. But the Canadians have improved on the British custom as far as comfort goes, for each member has a little desk and a comfortable chair of his own.

Much of the real work of the Canadian House in whipping legislation into shape is done in committees which meet in the morning. Washington and not London is copied to that extent. The full sessions are taken up mostly with necessary routine and with speeches.

If you are a Canadian M.P. you may wear your hat or not as you please while sitting at your desk in the chamber. But when you enter or leave you must not fail to bow to the Speaker. Furthermore, etiquette demands that if you move from your place, even across a narrow aisle to your neighbor's desk, it must be done with head uncovered.

The hall of the Canadian House of Commons is large and airy. There are capacious galleries, and above these many stained glass windows of cathedral style.

The desire of legislators to deliver speeches, not so much to affect the issue before the House as for home consumption, is fulfilled in Canada by the Hansard Reports. They answer about the same purposes as the Congressional Record. The Hansard Reports are an adapted British institution. The Hansards, since Luke Hansard became printer to the British House of Commons in 1800, have made a specialty of publishing the reports of Parliament.

In England, curiously, the Hansard Reports are not taken in shorthand, but are compiled from the careful and voluminous newspaper reports. Then, before publishing, the speeches are submitted to those who made them.

It is a very pleasant custom—for the speakers. For they may insert things they intended to say or wished they had said, and may eliminate or tone down passages they regret.

The doings of the Canadian House are all taken down in shorthand by the Hansard reporters. The reporters have seats in the gangway below the Speaker's dais. As in England, members who make speeches have a chance to correct them in proof, and it is a common sight to behold them while a session is on carefully editing for their constituents the remarks they made on the previous day.

The Canadian M.P. must speak his piece to get it printed. In Washington, when time presses near the end of a session, members get "leave to print" in the Congressional Record, and in that way yards and yards of good political matter is preserved, to be sent later, postage free, through the mails.

The Canadian Commons wouldn't need to sit all night very often if it were not for the flood of oratory that is to be "embalmed in Hansard," as the saying goes. As it is, the gray light of dawn will filter frequently through the stained glass windows and find a member pouring forth words to an audience of pages sleeping soundly on the Speaker's dais.

If you are in Ottawa, the Canadian capital, at night and see a cluster of electric lights twinkling from the flagstaff on the tower of the Houses of Parliament you will know that the Commons is in session.

When the debate ends and the time for a division has come, be it early evening or at dawn, there is great commotion at once. Bells ring simultaneously throughout the building.

The members troop in from every side. There is a few minutes of disorder. Members play pranks on each other, and popular airs are sung. Then the party whips enter, indicating that the opposing forces have been collected, and all is decorum.

The Silence Cure.

HOW swiftly runs the hypochondriac's tongue On all the various symptoms that afflict him!

The ills that chiefly rise from nerves unstrung

Are all described to his unhappy victim.

Who, at the close, is called on to endure

A disquisition on the latest "cure."

Proud is that sufferer with the pride of kings;

He asks no more congenial employment

As to the restive buttonhole he clings

And rambles on with obvious enjoyment,

Just as the Ancient Mariner impressed

His grewsome tale upon the Wedding Guest.

Therefore the world will hail with grateful tears

The latest cure which bids the creature, thirsting

To pour his tale into unwilling ears,

To practice silence to the point of bursting,

Since he will quickly lose, beyond a doubt,

The symptoms which he cannot talk about.

Sweet is the silence of the wild, but oh!

Far sweeter, if it be not past achieving,

The silence of the wretch who made us so!

For thus we find a double cure relieving

Not only him who now must save his breath

But us, who have been nearly bored to death!

—London Daily Mail.

MUSKOKA AND LAKE OF BAYS.

The Grand Trunk Railway System have three trains leaving Toronto every week day and one each Sunday as follows: 10 a.m., 12.01 (noon) daily except Sunday, 2 a.m. daily (sleeper open at 9.30 p.m.), connecting with steamer at Muskoka Wharf for all lake points, and at Huntsville, daily except Sunday, for Lake of Bays ports. In addition to handsome first-class coaches, the two former trains carry buffet parlor cars. The noon train also has cafe car to Huntsville and Pullman parlor car to Penetang, where connection is made with steamer for Parry Sound. Full information at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Dr. Waetzold is of the opinion that neurosis, from which so many young girls suffer, is not infrequently caused by excessive piano-playing. This will possibly be a crumb of comfort to the myriads of involuntary listeners whose nerves have been shattered in the same way.—Punch.

As Things are at Ascot

SPEAKING of the great English racing fixture at Ascot, Modern Society, of London, says: The Royal Enclosure at Ascot is not on the side of a hill, like the members' enclosure at Sandown, which acts as a natural stand in itself, but is on the flat—a long oblong of the heath railed in, levelled, and laid with fine turf. Only a few front rows of spectators can really see the racing from the lawn. When the race begins, therefore, there is a rush to the stands. Of these there are three at the back of the lawn. In the middle is the Royal stand, for the King and Queen and their family and guests. It has three tiers of seats, of which the lower one communicates with the lawn by an iron staircase. At the back are a luncheon-room, drawing-room and cloak-rooms. To the east of this is the Jockey Club stand, which is reserved for the members of that body.

To the west of the Royal stand is the largest of all, the general stand for all the visitors to the Royal Enclosure; first come, first served. The strict law of the Royal Enclosure says that seats cannot be kept in this stand; but unwritten custom permits the first-comers to secure possession of their seats for the day by placing cloaks and umbrellas on them. There is no regular luncheon-place for the Royal Enclosure, and so visitors who have not got invitations to lunch at the boxes, tents, or carriages had better take a flask and sandwich-case with them. The Enclosure is approached from the Ascot high road through tall iron gates and on an asphalt drive. In front of the door of the Royal stand is a *porte-cochere*, under which the Royal carriages drive to the entrance. Visitors who come by rail find that they can proceed from the station to the Enclosure by an underground passage, which goes under the road. The Royal entrance is from the course, and passes between the Royal Enclosure and the paddock.

The Ascot Cup is a souvenir of the visit of the Czar Nicholas I. to Ascot races in 1844. He was then staying at Windsor Castle with Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and they took him over to the course in great State, with carriages drawn by four horses, and attended by mounted outriders. He attracted a great deal of attention, and was positively mobbed in the paddock. He was so delighted with the day that he presented the Cup as a souvenir, and continued to do so until the Crimean war. The committee then undertook to provide the Cup, and made it an annual institution.

This Czar was of fine physique and courtly manners; but, in some respects, of primitive tastes. For instance, he declined the fine and luxurious bed which was provided for him in the State Apartments of the Castle, and preferred to sleep on a large sack stuffed with straw, which his servants brought with them. They were as primitive as their master, and slept on the floor in the next room. The famous diarist, Charles Greville, won the Ascot Cup in 1846 with Alarm. He was then staying with Lady Mary Berkeley for the Ascot Week. He was much excited by his win, and then grumbled because he won only about two thousand pounds on it.

The King has had some wins at Ascot. In 1895 Persimmon won the Coventry Stakes as a two-year-old, and in the same year Florizel II. carried off the Queen's Vase. In 1897 Persimmon came in first for the Ascot Cup, amid a scene of extraordinary applause. Both the turfites and the ladies in the Enclosure were equally delighted with the Royal victory. If Perrier manages to retrieve his failures by a win at Ascot bookies and backers alike will roar out their delight while the King bows and smiles his acknowledgment. His Majesty has only missed one Ascot in a quarter of a century, and that was in 1902, before his operation.

A SUNDAY school teacher had instructed her class that each child should repeat a verse of Scripture when the offering was made. The plate containing many pennies had gone down the line when the child next the last said, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," depositing a nickel.

Either the verses had given out or the child at the end of the bench was overcome at her neighbor's generosity, for she said, "A fool and his money are soon parted!"

THE summer residents of a certain lakeside village were greatly amused by the pranks of some young humorists who were in the habit of changing letters on signs so as to make them read in new

Small Boxes of Fine Cigars

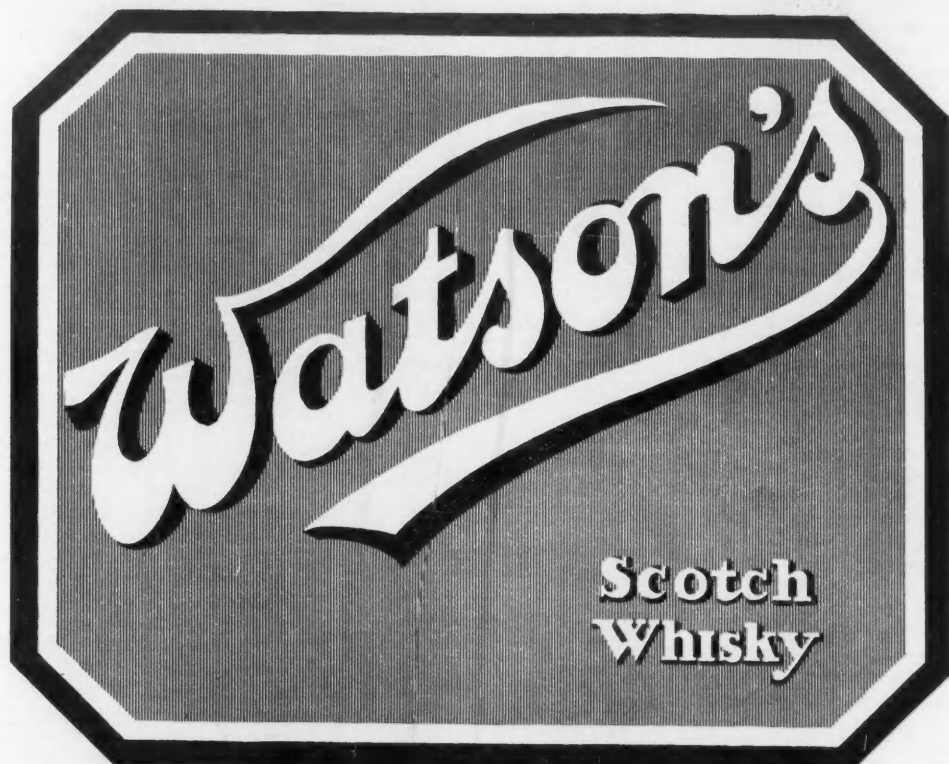
Nothing like a Box of Fine Cigars for the week end trip. Small Boxes, of the finest brands, are to be had from us at most reasonable prices.

A. CLUBB & SONS Direct Importers **5 King West**
"DEPOT FOR BBB PIPES"



The Fame of B. B. B.

Briar Pipes extends
around the world.



Agents--McGaw & Russell, Toronto--Telephone M. 2647

DRINK

Coca-Cola

SHOPPING? THAT MEANS FATIGUE. DON'T TAKE IT HOME. JUST VISIT THE NEAREST FOUNTAIN AND DRINK A GLASS OF DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

Coca-Cola

SOLD EVERYWHERE 5¢

and startling ways. The latest escapade had to do with the sign of an estimable old man who advertised on a big board that he would carry a trunk to any part of the town for twenty-five cents. Imagine the surprise of the incoming tourists as they saw for the first time the bold sign: "Drunks Carried to Any Part of Weymouth—25c."

LADY DUFF-GORDON was describing, at a dinner in New York, the visit that she paid to Chinatown under the able guidance of Chuck Connors.

"It was a most interesting visit," Lady Duff-Gordon said; "but I could not understand the English of my guide, nor could I understand the intricacies of the opium smoking, the Chinese acting, and the other strange and novel things I saw. Altogether, I must have appeared very ignorant—as ignorant as the Yorkshireman who came to London to see the British Museum. Unfortunately, the Yorkshireman chose a close day for his visit, and the policeman at the gate, when he presented himself there, waved him away.

"'But I must come in,' said the

Yorkshireman. 'I've a holiday on purpose.'

"'No matter,' said the guardian. 'This is a close day, and the museum is shut.'

"'What! Ain't this public property?'

"'Yes,' admitted the policeman; 'but,' he cried, excitedly, 'one of the mummies died on Tuesday, and do you begrudge us one day to bury him in?'

"'Oh, excuse me,' said the Yorkshireman, in a hushed voice. 'In that case I won't intrude.'